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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF
COMMODORE JAMES BIDDLE, U. S. NAVY.

This distinguished officer is the son of the late Charles Biddle, Esq., descended from one of the companions of William Penn, and among the first settlers of the city of Philadelphia. On the occupation of that place by the British, Mr. Biddle's family removed to the little town of Reading, where the present Commodore was born, on the 7th February, 1783.

The history of his gallant uncle, Captain Nicholas Biddle, who was, perhaps, next to Paul Jones, the most distinguished of our revolutionary naval commanders—his glorious fight in the Randolph frigate against a line of battle ship of twice her size and strength, the death of himself and of nearly all his brave comrades when their ship blew up,—are well known to the country.

As soon as our independence was established, Mr. Biddle returned to Philadelphia, and devoted himself to rearing his children; "a family of brothers who on the ocean, in the field, and the cabinet, have rendered the most important service to their country, and won imperishable glory for themselves."*

JAMES was liberally educated, and laid, during his boyhood, the foundation of that taste for letters which he has since so well cultivated and enjoyed. He spent some time at the University of Pennsylvania, but having an irresistible disposition for the Navy, he, along with a brother and cousin, obtained warrants in February, 1800, and sailed in the President frigate with the gallant Commo-

* Speech of the Hon. John Forsyth in the United States' Senate, on the ratification of the Treaty with Turkey.

dore Truxton. During this cruise his brother died, and not finding the service quite so glorious as he anticipated, he declined Truxton's offer to have him retained on the peace establishment of 1801. Truxton, however, finding in him qualities which gave the promise of future distinction and usefulness, recommended him in such terms that his name was still kept on the list; and much to young Biddle's joy; for after amusing himself for a month or two at home, he was very glad to receive orders for sea in the *Constellation*, Commodore Murray, bound to the Mediterranean, to fight the Tripolitans. He afterwards joined the frigate *Philadelphia*, Capt. Bainbridge, and was on board of that ship when she chased a corsair into the mouth of the harbor of Tripoli, struck on a rock, and was forced to surrender to those barbarians. Here, in company with his brave commander and Porter, the first Lieutenant, and Gibbon, (who was afterwards, poor fellow! destroyed at the burning of the Theatre in Richmond,) Cowdery, Patterson, Renshaw, &c. to the number of three hundred, he was confined a prisoner for nineteen months, and after Decatur's brilliant exploit of destroying the *Philadelphia*, they were treated with great rigor and cruelty. Preble's attacks on the batteries, together with Eaton's capture of Derne, and the general injuries inflicted by the American cruisers, brought the Pacha to terms. Peace being concluded, the prisoners were released from their confinement, and joyfully returned to their country.

In 1806, Mr. Biddle was promoted to a Lieutenantcy, continuing to be employed on board of the few vessels then in commission. From that period, however, for a season, the Navy was under a cloud. The pernicious gun-boat system, the embargo, the toleration by our Government of every kind of insult from the British, and finally the disastrous affair of that ill-fated Chesapeake, co-operated to dishearten the officers, and to force them to turn to other objects for their support. Many resigned; Lieutenant Biddle took a voyage to Canton; while there, an outrageous attempt was made by the Captain of an English frigate, (the son and successor of Lord Exmouth, the hero of Algiers,) to impress certain American seamen out of an American vessel. All our merchantmen armed their crews, and placing their force under the orders of Biddle, he immediately went to the protection of the men, and evinced such a determined spirit of resistance, that Capt. Pellew thought it most wise to abandon his attempt.

He took another voyage to Lisbon, but becoming disgusted with the mercantile life, he returned to the service, and was successively the first Lieutenant of Commodores Bainbridge and Rodgers. In 1811-12 he went to France, in one of the public ships, as bearer of despatches to our Minister at Paris, was presented to the Emperor Napoleon, and spent some time amid the splendid festivities of that delightful capital.

The moment at length came, when the feelings of the nation, wound up to the highest pitch of exasperation, could endure no longer the indignities which Great Britain was daily offering to her;

and determining to retain, at any cost, that independence which she had so dearly purchased, rose in her strength and buckled on her armor. On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared, and the Navy had now ample scope to retrieve the reputation they had lost, and gratify the vengeance they meditated for that fatal and disgraceful attack of the *Leopard*. The bad fortune of our land forces in the early stage of the war, and the rapid succession of brilliant and wholly unexpected victories which our ships achieved, drew at once the whole attention, admiration, and gratitude of the country upon the Navy.

As soon as it was known that war had actually been declared, Biddle immediately solicited orders for sea service, but before he could reach New York, the frigate to which he had been attached had sailed. His disappointment, however, was soon counteracted by the application of his friend, Captain Jacob Jones, for him to be attached to his ship, the *Wasp* sloop of war, then about to sail. This was granted, and Biddle went to sea in her as first Lieutenant. On the 13th of October they left the Delaware; on the 16th experienced a heavy gale of wind, by which they lost their jib-boom and two men; and on Sunday the 18th, they fell in with six sail, four of them carrying from 16 to 18 guns, under the convoy of a sloop of war. Jones gave chase and brought the corvette to action. In five minutes the *Wasp's* main top-mast was shot away; both ships were considerably injured. The enemy's masts went by the board; the action was continued so close that the rammers of the guns touched the sides of the ships. The crew of the American, headed by Lieutenant Biddle, boarded the enemy, and with his own hands, he hauled down the "meteor flag of England." The action lasted forty-three minutes. She proved to be His Britannic Majesty's sloop *Frolic*, mounting two guns more than her antagonist, and with a larger crew. Thirty of her men were killed and fifty wounded. The *Wasp* lost but five, and the same number were wounded. This fight was one of the best in the war. The enemy's force was decidedly superior, and the circumstance of the loss of the *Wasp's* main top-mast so early, was the chief cause of her not having sooner gained the victory. Two hours after our fellows had taken possession of their prize, the *Poictiers* 74 hove in sight, and it being impossible for the *Wasp*, from her great inferiority and the recent damage she had sustained, to make resistance, both vessels were obliged to strike, and our victorious countrymen were made prisoners. It was not long before they were exchanged, and on their arrival in the United States, their fellow-citizens manifested the exalted estimate they had formed of their services by every attention and respect. Captain Jones received all the honors he so eminently merited. Congress voted to him a gold medal, and to each of his officers one of silver, with proper devices, in token of their high consideration of the skill and bravery they had displayed. At the same time \$25,000 were appropriated to recompense the captors for the loss they had sustained in the unfortunate re-capture of their prize. The *Le-*

gislature of Pennsylvania voted an elegant sword to Lieutenant Biddle, as did the city of Philadelphia to him and his companions; and his young friends presented him with a costly silver urn in recognition of the gallantry of their former companion and school-fellow.

In 1813, he was made Master Commandant, and when the high spirited and noble Lawrence exchanged the little *Hornet* for the *Chesapeake*, Biddle was appointed to succeed him. This ship formed a part of Decatur's squadron, so long blockaded at New London, by the British fleet under the command of Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's captain at Trafalgar. Decatur finding it impossible to elude their vigilance, and utterly absurd to attempt to force a passage through the enemy's ships, sent by the hands of Captain Biddle, under a flag of truce, a challenge to Sir Thomas, to fight the *United States* and *Macedonian* against the *Statira* and *Endymion* British frigates then off the harbor. Hardy declined the encounter, perhaps apprehensive of the result, and considering it his best policy to keep three such vessels as those he was blockading, useless for the residue of the war. Had this fight taken place, Biddle, it was arranged, should temporarily leave his ship, in order to be on board the *Macedonian* during the engagement. Wearied with this state of inactivity, Com. Decatur left the *United States* and repaired to New York to assume the command of the *President*. Biddle, shortly afterwards managed to slip by the squadron, and got safely to sea. He was directed to cruise in company with the *Peacock*, Captain Warrington, in a certain latitude until joined by Decatur. The *President*, however, in going out of New York struck on the bar, which injured her keel, and the day after was pursued by a British squadron; having silenced the *Endymion* she was obliged to surrender to the rest of the fleet. The *Peacock* took the British sloop *Epervier*, and on the 23d March, 1815, Captain Biddle added another chaplet to his brow by the capture of the *Penguin* sloop. This ship was sent to sea with the express view of engaging the *Wasp*;—had twelve extra marines on board drafted from the *Medway* seventy-four, to be used as marksmen in the tops;—the vessels were of equal force. A very short while served to indicate our superiority over the "sovereigns of the seas." The enemy became so disabled that they called out they had surrendered. Biddle, while standing on the taffrail to ascertain the fact, was fired at by a marine, and wounded severely in the neck. Such was the indignation of the *Hornet's* crew at this, that their commander had to exert all his authority to prevent them giving their treacherous enemy another broadside. The official report says, "from the firing of the first gun to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered, was twenty-two minutes by the watch." In this affair the *Penguin* lost her Captain—Dickenson—said to have been a brave, fine fellow, one of her Lieutenants, and fourteen in all killed; twenty-eight were wounded—two midshipmen losing a leg each. The damage sustained by the *Hornet* was small, only one man was killed and eleven wounded; and in an hour after

the *Penguin* struck her colors, her opponent had bent a new set of sails, knotted her rigging, and was again ready for fight. The British ship being considerably injured, not wishing to divide his crew, and the great distance from the United States, determined Captain Biddle to destroy her, and taking out all the prisoners and such articles as would be of value, he scuttled her and she went down that night. His cruise had nothing more eventful for upwards of a month; but being in company with Warrington on the 27th April, they gave chase to what they considered an Indiaman. She turned out to be a ship of the line. The sloops of war directly parted company and the seventy-four followed the *Hornet*, hoisting British colors and a Rear Admiral's flag. The Englishman was a capital sailer and proved very weatherly. The chase continued three days, at one time he was within three quarters of a mile of the *Hornet*, and flung shot all over her, none of which did the least harm. Biddle hove overboard all his shot—all his guns but one—a quantity of kentledge—three of his anchors—cut away the top-gallant forecastle, and lightened the ship in every way in his power. The firing of the seventy-four deadened his wind, and the obvious effect of the discharge of bow chasers is to retard. The *Hornet* continued to go nine knots through the water—the wind blowing fresh and squally at times. On the morning of the third day, the Americans had the gratification of seeing their pursuer haul his wind, reef his topsails, and abandon the chase. Shortly afterwards they arrived at St. Salvador, and Captain Biddle wrote a detailed report of his escape to his commanding officer, Decatur. In his letter he requests a Court of Enquiry may be convened to investigate the circumstances relative to the loss of the armament of his ship, and adds, "it was with the most painful reluctance and on the fullest conviction that it was indispensable, in order to prevent a greater misfortune, that I could bring my mind to consent to part with my guns." The Court highly approved his conduct and extolled the skill he had shewn in this almost miraculous escape. Peace was made, and the *Hornet* was for a time laid up in ordinary. Fresh honors were bestowed on Captain Biddle. Congress, beside voting him and his crew \$25,000 for the loss of the *Penguin*, decreed a gold medal with suitable emblems and devices to be presented to him, in testimony of the high sense they entertained of his gallantry and skill in the capture of H. B. M. sloop of war *Penguin*. The society of the Cincinnati decorated him with their badge of honorary membership, and civic and other festivities in abundance were lavished on him. He found himself also, on his return, a Post Captain, having been promoted on the 28th February, 1815, before the news of his victory had arrived, and just fifteen years after his first entrance into the service.

He remained in Philadelphia for some time after the termination of the war, enjoying himself, and contributing by his vivacity, gay spirits, and intelligence, to the pleasures he partook of. He was then attached to the *Cyane*, a sort of guard ship at New York; but again desirous of more active employment, he received the

command of the *Ontario* about to sail for the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Prevost, the agent of our Government to the powers on the western coast of South America, went with him, and they, in conjunction, were authorized to take possession of our immense territory west of the Rocky Mountains. Accordingly they proceeded to the Columbia River, and hoisted the flag of the United States for the first time in that domain. In this cruise, which lasted nearly three years, Captain Biddle had an altercation with the brave but unprincipled Lord Cochrane, who, having been ignominiously dismissed from his own service, in which he had gained great distinction, had received the command of the Navy of Chili then in revolt. It was on the subject of salutes—a subject on which our officers are always extremely punctilious, and will continue to be until we get the same grades in our service which exist in every other. When about to leave Lima, where he had conducted some negotiation, the King of Spain's Viceroy of Peru tendered him a superb sword, which he felt bound by courtesy to accept; but on his return he deposited it in the State Department, being unwilling even to approach to a disobedience of the laws.

In 1821, the increasing audacity of the pirates in the West Indies, and their continual depredations on our commerce in that quarter, made it necessary for the Government to afford the protection of our men of war, and in consequence, Captain Biddle was ordered to the frigate *Macedonian*, to proceed to the West Indies, and assume the command of our naval forces there. He was instructed to remain at the Havana, to assist in procuring from the Spanish authorities, the archives of Florida which our Government had not yet been able to procure from them. The obedience to this order at an unusually sickly season, the foul state of the ship's hold, which had not been broken out and cleansed by the officers of the Navy Yard previous to her sailing from Boston, together with other causes which it was impossible to foresee or prevent, produced the yellow fever in the ship. Unhappily two of the three medical officers fell among the first victims of the disease. Every means which humanity, skill and science could suggest were used. It is on such occasions more than in the excitement of battle that true moral courage is tested. Biddle displayed unwearied devotion to the sick, which redounds more to his honor than any of his gallant actions. His cabin was the chief hospital; his wines and stores of every description were freely used; himself was the friend and solace of the afflicted—but all was in vain. Upwards of one hundred of the officers and men perished. The ship arrived at Norfolk, and a lazaretto was established at Craney Island. The Court of Enquiry which was convened at his request, exonerated him from blame on the occasion; and the Navy Department, in order to evince its undiminished estimate of his character, transferred him and the remnant of his crew to the Congress frigate, to return to the West Indies. In 1823, he came into the Delaware, to receive on board Mr. Cæsar Augustus Rodney, the Minister Plenipotentiary to Buenos Ayres, his family and suite.

Mr. Hugh Nelson, the Minister to Spain, likewise went out in the ship. Mr. Rodney and suite were landed, at his request, at Gibraltar, and the Congress proceeded towards Cadiz. This was at the period of the iniquitous occupation of Spain by the French troops, and a large fleet was blockading the port of Cadiz. On the arrival of the frigate off that place, they were boarded by the French squadron, and informed that the Admiral was forced by his orders to prevent *all* vessels from entering. In reply it was stated that the Congress had on board the Minister of the United States to Spain, and merely wished to land him without intercourse with the shore. The Admiral nevertheless felt necessitated to refuse, and the Congress returned to Gibraltar. This affair brought forth a deal of abuse in the public prints, and with that convenient oblivion of his former gallantries, to which newspapers are often prone, her commander was accused of a want of proper spirit. It was said at the time that he should have preferred having his ship sunk under him, rather than submit to such an insult to his country's flag. The fact was, that much as he desired to pass unheeded the French fleet, and fully determined then, as he is always, to enforce respect to his flag, he was *expressly ordered by the Navy Department* not to attempt to enter, should the blockading squadron object, but to return to Gibraltar and let Mr. Nelson find his way to Madrid by land. Captain Biddle, though thus publicly reviled, and in a way, too, most galling to his feelings, felt himself bound by what he owed to his country's interests, not to publish his orders, and thereby entirely justify himself; concluding that his Government would vindicate him at the proper season, and until then, hard as the case was, it was his duty to be silent. And it was not until after five years, that the Secretary's order to him was made public, and himself relieved from the imputation.

After this cruise, he was in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard and station, which he abandoned, to accompany his brother-in-law, in ill health, to Italy. He passed the winter of 1825-6 at Florence, returned home, and was almost immediately ordered to hoist his broad pendant in the Macedonian, with the command of the squadron on the coast of Brazil, that Empire being at war with the neighboring Republic of Buenos Ayres, and a respectable naval force with an able commander being extremely necessary for the protection of our commerce during the conflict. The number of vessels, the wrongful condemnation of which he prevented, the great advantage he was of to the maritime interests of the United States during this war, conducted with proper South American animosity and injustice, not less than the admirable correspondence he carried on with the Brazilian Admiral Pinto Guedez, on the rights of neutrals and the general principles of blockades, won for him golden opinions from all sorts of persons. These letters to Pinto are among the very best productions of our diplomatic intercourse, a department in which American statesmen have greatly excelled. While lying at Rio Janeiro with his frigate and the Boston sloop of war, after a fruitless attempt to release an Ameri-

can brig, condemned for an alleged violation of the blockade, knowing the judgment improper, he advised the master to go to sea in disregard of their injunction to the contrary. The Brazilian squadron consisted of several large frigates and corvettes. During the night the brig dropped under the American guns and early in the morning stood out of the bay—the two United States ships being at quarters and prepared to protect her. All Rio was on the house tops overlooking their magnificent harbor and eagerly anticipating an engagement, for it had been bruited about the city that their fleet would attack our ships should they venture to protect this vessel. Unluckily for the American officers, the Admiral could not screw his courage to the sticking place, and the Yankee brig went to sea without molestation. When peace was restored he sailed for Norfolk, and arrived there late in the autumn of 1828, and early in the succeeding summer his services were again required, and he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean Squadron. He joined his station in the *Constellation* frigate, Captain Wadsworth, having first landed Messrs. McLane and Rives, the Ministers to England and France, in those countries. Hoisting his broad pendant on board the *Java*, he proceeded at once to Tripoli, with a large part of the squadron, to adjust some difficulties which had arisen between the Pacha and our Consul, relative to the murder of Major Laing, the English traveller to Timbuctoo. He was introduced with great form to the Pacha, who was perfectly delighted when he found the Commodore was one of his prisoner midshipmen, thirty years before.

Various attempts had been made by our Government to form a treaty with the Sublime Porte, but they had all failed, owing to the unfriendly intervention of the British, who were unwilling that our vessels should possess similar advantages with theirs in the trade of the Black Sea, and the Levant generally.

One of the first acts of the present administration was to renew the overtures for a negotiation; and accordingly, Commodore Biddle, Mr. Offley our worthy Consul at Smyrna, and Mr. Rhind, were appointed joint Commissioners Plenipotentiary, to conclude a treaty of commerce. Their instructions from the Secretary of State suggested that Mr. Rhind, under the guise of Consul at Odessa, should proceed to Constantinople, and privately negotiate with the Reis Effendi. Had the Commodore or Mr. Offley, who had been several times on the same errand, shewn himself at that capital, the object of the visit would have been well known, and the British ambassador enabled to prevent the treaty. But by this arrangement, and by doing business with the Porte after sunset during the feast of the Bairam—a season of exemption from every thing but religious ceremonies—the preliminaries were settled unknown to the English embassy. Mr. Rhind had agreed to the insertion of a secret article in the treaty by which our Government was to assist the Turkish agent here in the construction and equipment of ships of war. This private article was very much disapproved of by both the other commissioners, and the Senate

refused to ratify it. The treaty, however, was finally concluded without it.

During the three years he remained in the Mediterranean, his health from constant exposure, became very bad, and his sufferings were most afflicting. His strength was entirely exhausted; he lost his appetite; and was forced to forego all the pleasures of existence. He remained out, however, his full time, and attended to all the arduous duties of his command. For nearly a year after his return home, he continued in the same alarming condition, but has since entirely recovered.

As a seaman, Commodore Biddle has no superior. In the extent of his information, the strength of his judgment, and the vivacity of his intellect, he has few equals. He is a happy mixture of the sailor and the scholar. As a commander, he is perhaps more respected than beloved; and yet few officers gain greater ascendancy over the affections of their inferiors than himself. Possessed of an ample private fortune, he is above all the littleness of endeavoring to get the most lucrative employments, and preferring the activity of service to the quiet of a dock yard, has been more at sea than any other officer in the Navy. His devotion to his country, his skill and courage, his moral attributes, his hospitality, his complete sacrifice of self to what he owes to his duty, his economical management of his ships, and his love of his home and family, forcibly remind us of the character of that good and great man, COLINGWOOD.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN OF AN A. D. C.

No. 9.

When the army had to give up all hopes of co-operation from the fleet, by the aid of which alone it could make any important change in its operations, there seemed to be no alternative but to sit down quietly where we were, and convert ourselves into a school of discipline or camp of instruction, in preparation of the coming of that new General from the south, who was destined to turn over the new leaf. It was understood that he had some important operations to complete at that end of the Union, before he could attend to our affairs in the north. We had an enemy within stone's throw of us, with whom we could fight any day, or any hour of the day, even without the aid of the fleet; and we were skirmishing with him almost constantly; but thus far we went and no farther. Why we were thus tethered in our movements, the Big Bugs best knew. Piquets were often at loggerheads, always supported by an inlying piquet, which, being about a regiment, occasionally gave us a

pretty good lesson in the way of "smelling gunpowder." The hand was thus kept in, and the ear did not forget the whistle of a bullet.

Early one morning, the enemy disturbed us by a nearly simultaneous attack on all our piquets; the first notice we had of it, was a discharge of musketry in every direction. As it was difficult to determine which attack was the real one, and which the feint, it was deemed best to stay where we were, and permit the piquets, after they had done their best, to fall back. We could have no better ground for the fight than that which we had particularly fitted up for such a purpose. Behind our parapets, at least one half of each man (not the most vital, unfortunately) was protected from the shot of the enemy, as long as we could keep him on the proper side of them. Besides, we were there like so many cocks on our own dunghills, all the more spirited and pugnacious for feeling at home. It was therefore determined that we would receive the enemy at our own door, after he had passed the preliminaries of the piquets. These we supposed he would despatch without much delay, and we soon had an earnest that he was already doing it with the utmost expedition. The Captain, who commanded one of the piquets near the Lake, was seen flying into camp with the velocity of a bird. The Chickahominy wag said that the skirts of his coat stood out strait behind him like the tail of a martin in full flight. His breathless report was, that his piquet had been suddenly surrounded and attacked, and that he alone had escaped to tell us. He was congratulated on his good luck, in being able thus to slip through fingers that had held fast every other man of his command, and was at once marked for his dexterity at extrication, and as being the best runner in camp.

With this evidence that all the piquets had probably been cut off, the main body kept snug behind its parapets, in momentary expectation that the enemy would approach. But the firing continued to be maintained in advance, and we begun to think that the running Captain, however correctly he might have reported the case of his own piquet, had misled us as to the fate of the others. Most of them, at least, appeared to be still sustaining a contest, as the firing was kept up and none of them came in. It was soon ascertained that they had all fallen back, but had come to a stand within the village of Newark. Even the piquet of the martin-tailed Captain was found to be there, manfully doing its part in conjunction with one of its neighbors, to which it had attached itself after its commanding officer had so suddenly disappeared.

This "demonstration" (as it was affectedly termed) of the enemy, was made by Sir George Prevost in person. He had just come up the Province, in order to see what his forces in that quarter were about, and, feeling at a loss to account for the inactivity of the two parties which were thus lying alongside of each other, like two dogs, always growling and snapping, but never biting, he resolved to have a peep at our camp, and see for himself what sort of a scare-crow it might be. Whether coming merely into the village of Newark satisfied his curiosity, or he began to think differently of the mat-

ter, we had no means of determining; but the result was, that, after beating back our piquets a few hundred yards, killing and wounding a few men, and having a few killed and wounded himself, he left us to take a late breakfast in quiet. The martin-tailed captain was the greatest sufferer of the morning. He acquired great reputation as a runner, but was supposed to have lost more in some other respects than counterbalanced this gain. This piquet duty was a severe ordeal. It tried characters more than a general fight, excluding all negative conduct, which might often pass muster in the hurly-burly of a battle. There was no escape from the alternative of showing pluck, or the want of it. Nature is capricious in her bounties. Where good legs are bestowed, this pluck may be stinted.

In the leisurely times we had then, small events counted up a good deal. Having no great achievements to boast of, we contented ourselves with such small-change affairs as now and then occurred. One afternoon, the officer of the day—a Major—was seen riding into camp with a red coat in his train, which we all at once saw was on the back of an officer. At first we supposed it to denote a flag of truce; but the Major soon undeceived the spectators by introducing him at head quarters as a prisoner of war. He was too happy to communicate the particulars of an affair, which was giving such eclat to his tour of duty, to keep us long in ignorance of them. The story ran, that one of our videttes, who was stationed behind a large tree, some yards in advance of the piquet, observed the scarlet uniform approach along the road on which he was posted, the wearer moving with as much nonchalance and unweariness as if it were a time of profound peace, or the existence of war, and the juxtaposition of enemies, had escaped his memory. The vidette, who soon discovered that it was an officer, permitted him to pass his position, when, suddenly jumping in the road behind him, and presenting his pistol at his back, he demanded a surrender. The British officer turned around, at this unexpected salutation, with marks of the most unequivocal astonishment, and seemed to be inclined to explain or remonstrate, when the vidette, raising the muzzle of his pistol a little higher, signified that despatch was necessary, and that with him it was a word and a bullet; the former having been given, the latter would soon follow. The unfortunate officer had no pistol at hand, and there was little probability

That his sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,

with sufficient promptitude to cut down his antagonist, before that bullet came. He therefore prudently surrendered without further parley, and suffered himself to be conducted to the nearest piquet.

The captive was so overwhelmed with chagrin, or something else, when he came into camp, that nothing could be gleaned out of him as to the causes of his singular captivity. He had seemed

to run so directly into the fire, that it looked like childish carelessness or stupidity. A flag was sent in to the enemy the following day for his wardrobe, &c., when some particulars were picked up that elucidated the affair in some degree. It appeared that, having just joined, he had been dining that day with his commanding officer, and was returning to his post after dinner, with not much knowledge of the roads, and a good deal of wine in his head, when he mistook his way, and fell under the pistol-range of our vidette. He may have seen two routes where there was only one, or followed his nose something as a dog follows his tail. The latter was rendered probable by his having been caught at such a point of circumerration from his true course. His disappearance was so incomprehensible to the British, that they had regarded it as a desertion, and so spoke of it to our flag, and refused to relieve his necessities on that account. His poor horse was valued and sold, in order to recruit his spending money.

The summer solstice produced several diseases in camp, among the rest, *nostalgia* prevailed, though it was not, perhaps, so much to be attributed to the sultriness of the season, as to our inactivity, which permitted every one to think much of home, and domestic affairs. As we did not appear to have any thing important to do, those officers who had urgent business, families, or those who were in love, saw no reason why they should not be allowed to slip off for a few weeks, or so, always promising to be back before the new General should be there to turn over the new leaf of the campaign. From these various causes, applications became rather too importunate, and the "big article" at the War Department vetoed them all in advance, declaring that no officer should have such an indulgence, for love or for money, until the campaign should close. One of the severest sufferers of this veto, was an M. D., who had plighted his hand, and was bound to redeem the plight about these times. He was a tall young man, standing more than six feet in his stockings, and was as handsome as he was tall. When he understood that a ban was drawn around the army, and that we were all within a bourne whence no officer returned home—at least for some months—he came to head quarters, and plead his cause with an eloquence which left those who heard him in no doubt by what drugs and charms withal he had won the heart of a lady. Finding that he appealed to inexorable ears, he even wept with disappointment. Tears that fall six feet or more, have a strange effect, and nothing but a veto could have withstood them.

Whether his disappointment made him waspish and reckless, or whether he fell into one of those caprices which will sometimes cross the path of the best-natured man, may not be known; but a few days subsequently, word was brought into camp, that he had just been shot dead in a duel, almost within sight of the camp. The parties had withdrawn only to the neighborhood of the famous light house, where the betrothed M. D. was shot down like one of the plovers which hovered around the spot, excepting that, unlike the plover, he had a fair chance at his antagonist. The General who

had so recently withstood his entreaties and tears, now bitterly lamented that there had been any obstacle to an indulgence, which would have saved him from falling a victim to a silly broil, and perhaps spared his fair one the anguish of hearing that he had thus fallen, at the very time her arms were open in expectation of embracing him.

But home-sickness was not the worst disease that prevailed in camp. There was a diarrhœtic complaint, which affected, more or less severely, nearly every officer and soldier. But it was not considered as affording an excuse from duty, unless troublesome in a violent degree. The camp had otherwise been all on the sick list, and non-effective. The number and size of the piquets made the guard-duty particularly arduous. Each piquet being commanded by a captain, the details happened to fall with disproportioned weight on that grade; a disproportion that was increased by the number of captains who reported sick. Reporting themselves so, was the result of necessity in most instances. In some, however, due credit was not, perhaps, given to the indisposition of the patient, and the physicians were at last directed to make an especial examination of the pulse and tongues of the invalid captains, and report thereon. There were not many, if any, whose reports were contradicted by this inspection. Such a constructively given lie to the patients, might have caused a leaden bolus to have been administered to the inspectors, even had the doctor been admitted to be the best judge, and that the captains were liable to mistake their cases. It was not a question whether they were indisposed. The question was, as to the degree of indisposition. The doctors could not well graduate a scale, by which it should be determined when an officer was able to perform guard duty. This inspection was not, however, without its beneficial effects. Pride, and the fear of slanderous waggery, soon augmented the list of captains for duty.

But these valetudinarians received a practical rebuke about the same time, which probably had more effect in hastening their convalescence, than the pathological examinations of their wrists and mouths. There was a robust and unflinching captain of the "12th," who, either because he felt more able, seven to one, to sustain the burden of piquet duty, than others of his grade, and was kindly desirous of relieving them in proportion to his ability; or, because he felt willing to whip the valetudinarians over his own back, proposed to continue in the command of a piquet through one entire week. It was not a time to refuse good offers, and the hardy captain was at once put on his hebdomadal tour.

Any weakly man might well have shrunk from such a weekly task. To command one of the piquets in those days, even twenty-four hours, was a severe duty. The officer who was responsible for its safe keeping, did not often shut his eyes, even during the day; much less during the night, when he considered sleep as much out of the question as a feather bed. The enemy being within striking distance, there was no knowing when the blow

might come. *Wide awake* was the watch-word in every mind, and both officers and men were as vigilant as so many cats. Had the piquets at the previous "demonstration" of Sir George Prevost been caught napping, most of them would have waked up a little too late for this world.

The second, the third, and the fourth relief went out and came in, and still left the indomitable captain at his post. His beard had become rather long, and his unchanged linen had caught some soil from the earthy bed, on which alone he had occasionally reposed; but his eyes were as bright as if "tired nature's sweet restorer" had visited them as usual, and his mind as unbending as the trunk of the great tree which had now been, for such a length of time, his domicile, and his only shelter from the heat of the day and the dews of the night, to say nothing of the showers that may have wet his jacket in the meantime. On the fifth day, the heart of head quarters became touched with remorse, that this sacrificial captain should have been allowed to jeopard his health for the sake of a vow, better in the breach than in the performance. He was relieved accordingly, both his constitutional and moral ability having been sufficiently attested. The dirty gown in which the son of the Pretender skulked for some time from his pursuers, is said to have been not only scrupulously preserved thereafter by a loyal follower, but held sacred from soap and water, lest the detergent process should abstract some of its residuary virtues. The shirt of this captain should, in like manner, have been preserved untouched by the laundress, as a memento of his most creditable endurance of piquet duty.

In the honorable grade to which this distinguished piquet tourman belonged, there was another singed-cat sort of a character, who had recently come into camp notoriety, by having trained his company to the dog-trot, so as to give it the ability to carry succor to a distressed outpost rather sooner than the best marches, even at double quick-time. In consequence of this excellence in the legs, his company, whenever a firing was heard on the piquets, was permitted to sally out without any special order. This captain was of a most unpretending appearance, and so much advanced in life, that no one doubted he had been through the revolution, and some believed that he might have been in the tail of the old French war. He crossed no man's path, and had been so much out of the way of observation, that few, out of his own regiment, knew of his being in camp, until he became conspicuous by being habitually seen exercising his company at the dog-trot, with trailed-arms. Being a sort of discipline not prescribed by Stuben, and having perhaps no better authority than Duane's hand-book, this dog-trotting excited, for a time, little else than the remarks of wag-gery. Soon, however, whenever a speedy helping-hand was called for on the piquets, these trotters were found to be the first on the ground. They had brought themselves into such good wind, that they could trot off a mile or two with as little distress to the lungs as an Indian, and would come into the point of succor with-

out an extra puff, while others, though more tardy, would be blowing like a high-pressure.

On the occasion of one of these piquet alarms, (which occurred about as often as our meals,) these trotters went out as usual, and fell quite unexpectedly into rather a serious scuffle with the enemy. Several of them were wounded, and the lieutenant was sent in with a bullet in his flank. As this encounter had happened at some little distance from the main skirmish, where the *inlying* piquet was engaged, it was deemed necessary to send out a small detachment to the trotters, for fear that they might be entrapped in the backward and forward movements which were being made on the different roads. Being already in the saddle when word was brought to head quarters of the predicament of the trotters, an A. D. C. was directed to order out, instantler, forty men to their assistance. Riding up to the line of the regiments, the first officer he saw was the gallant adjutant, who, at the "Forty," had clomb that hill quite perpendicular, on which his majesty's red allies had fixed themselves immediately over the heads of his regiment. The order was given to him for forty men, and one officer from the "Jolly Snorters."

When the A. D. C. approached this young officer, he was standing erect, listening to the pother on the piquets, as a dragoon horse hearkens to the trumpet at a distance. His dark, brilliant eye was tremulous with impatience, and every muscle of his handsome features was expanding with ardor and anxiety. He was one of the few among us who seemed to delight in battle. There were fewer who would avoid one. But he appeared to covet the opportunity of being in one. The moment the A. D. C. spoke to him, a smile of joy lighted up his face, and, turning to the soldiers of his regiment who were grouped around, he called out for forty volunteers to follow him to the piquets. This was an unexpected turn of the matter. Adjutants make details, but cannot, in strictness, detail themselves. But the urgency of the moment could not wait for niceties. His commanding officer was not in sight, and, moreover, he looked so prompt and chivalrous, so full of fire and efficiency, that it seemed a pity to balk his gallant humor. And it was also certain, that, if a dash were to be made, not a better hand, nor a more daring spirit, could be found in the camp; though a few hours after, the A. D. C. would have given his right arm, had he interposed the rules of service, and kept the adjutant at his proper post. At the sound of his well-known voice, not only forty, but thrice that number came to the front, and stood ready to receive his commands. It would have been invidious and procrastinating to select; the adjutant, therefore, confiding in them all, counted off, with the point of his sword the required number, and, giving the words, "right face," "quick march," moved towards the scene of action with the alacrity of a competitor in a race. Watching to catch the last glimpse of him as he disappeared beyond the inequalities of the plain, the A. D. C. was troubled with no anticipations that he went out never to return; though

one cannot see the most indifferent person about to plunge into the perils of a fight, without some slight misgivings of the heart, which, afterwards, should death occur, are easily interpreted into a premonition of its approach.

About the time the adjutant appeared at one of the piquets with his detachment, the party which he had gone out to succor, was engaged in advance of the next piquet. Instead of moving to the right, and falling into the rear of that party, he determined to push forward on the road where he was, which run nearly parallel with the other, thinking, probably, that he should thus cause a diversion, and have a better chance for a skirmish in his own way. Unfortunately, as he was making this forward movement on one road, the party he intended to aid, was repulsed on the other, while some intervening bushes masked it from his view. The enemy, having driven one party back to the line of the piquets, and catching a glimpse of the other, immediately wheeled into the rear of the latter, and swept over its footsteps like an overwhelming wave. A quick discharge of musketry soon followed, which, however, after an apparently severe struggle, died away, and left the woods in undisturbed repose.

As the enemy had been observed to be accompanied, on this occasion, by a large body of Indians, many uneasy forebodings crossed the minds of the scouts, which soon approached the scene of action. They apprehended that such a superior force, and so constituted, in its sweep over our feeble detachment, had crushed it with an unsparing hand; especially as it was believed the unyielding spirit of its youthful leader would prompt him to make such an obstinate resistance, as might afford a pretext for cruelty. But no anticipations could have prepared our scouts for the scene of wanton and revolting barbarity which was soon exhibited to their eyes. The enemy had left on the ground nearly half of the detachment, most of them dead, but some of them still breathing, though scarcely sensible. Every body was utterly stripped, and scalped, and mangled and maimed in a way that looked as if there had been a sort of sportive butchery among the dying and the dead. Several of them had fallen by gun-shot wounds, while others appeared to have been hacked down by the tomahawk. Not a form was seen without many stabs and cuts, while some of them showed from twelve to fifteen. One soldier, with more than a dozen of these gashes and lacerations, and with his head denuded from the eye-brows to the back of the neck, was still breathing and sensible when our party reached him, and was brought into camp still alive. The surgeons who examined him, were of opinion that no one of the wounds was mortal, though the aggregate of them seemed to be enough to have destroyed ten thousand lives. His exquisite agonies were terminated a few hours after he was brought in.

When the scouts returned, and the butchery became known, every tongue was importunate to know whether the gallant adjutant had been recognized among the dead. But no satisfactory answer could be given. The bodies had been so disfigured by the

ferocious ingenuity of the victors, that it was difficult to identify any one among them. The excitement that prevailed throughout the camp, when this event became known, was extreme. Such atrocious cruelties seemed to proclaim that the war had become a war of extermination, and every mind seemed to brace itself up with a savage energy, as if in preparation for such a relentless contest. The British name was pronounced only with execrations. It was supposed that the enemy had determined to war thenceforth on the principles of his red allies, and that the tomahawk and scalping knife were to steep every victory in merciless slaughter.

The colonel of the regiment, to which the butchered detachment belonged, immediately applied for permission to march out to the grounds, in order to inter the dead, and, if possible, to ascertain more satisfactorily the fate of his adjutant. If the ruthless enemy, in tearing the scalp from his head, had left only one lock of his curling hair, or if they had left only one feature of his handsome face unmarred, he was sure that hundreds in his regiment would identify the corpse of their favorite. The regiment commenced its march with a gloomy sternness on every brow, and though no tongue uttered it in words, yet each heart seemed to have come to the resolution, that, in case of an encounter with the enemy, quarters should neither be given nor received. The blood of the adjutant and his followers cried from the ground for vengeance, and it was determined, under the retaliatory ferociousness of the moment, that it should be inflicted to the glut of expiation.

Late in the twilight, the regiment returned from its melancholy errand, having interred, unmolested, the dead found on the field, but without having found any trace of the adjutant. Every corpse had been scrutinized before it was consigned to the earth, and though some few of the soldiers were identified in the weltering mass, yet no evidence could be discovered that their youthful leader had perished among them. A report, of vague origin, was abroad, that, near the close of the struggle, he had been seen, apparently wounded, between two savages, who were forcing him to accompany them; that, shaking himself loose from one of them, he made violent struggles to escape, when he was cut down by his captors, like his ill-fated followers. The neighboring woods were scoured in the hope that his body might be found, should such a report be true. But all searchings were vain.

A flag was sent in to the enemy the next day, with a statement of the atrocities which had been perpetrated, and a message speaking the just language of menace and reproach which the occasion demanded; and entreating to know what had been the fate of the officer commanding the butchered party. We still clung to the hope that he might be living, and in the enemy's hands. Much disclaiming and regret were sent back, which but slightly mitigated the deep horror and indignation with which we looked back on the previous day. The precise fate of the adjutant was still unexplained, excepting so far as that he had not been brought in a captive. A real or pretended ignorance baffled every enquiry. It

was merely stated that the Indians reported that an officer had fallen into their hands, who, after his surrender, had attempted to escape, and been consequently killed.

The record of this sanguinary day will have no place in history. It was an event of comparatively little magnitude, and scarcely survived the reports of the campaign. But it made an indelible impression on the minds of most of the immediate witnesses, and will never be recalled by them without a sentiment of abhorrence. We all deplored the fate of the gallant adjutant, and regarded the British army as responsible for

The deep damnation of his taking off.

ARTHUR TREMAINE.

"When in my chamber, I love to think on times past and on the companie of my youth. I love to let memorie have loose reins and to recall the sweetnesses of friendship, and the crude opinions of my compagnons. Whatsay you to this confession, Sir?"—*J. Smith's Remembrances.*

The reader, who has been so amiable as to follow me in my reminiscences, will have discovered that I am now about to record the events of my first tour of active duty in the military service.

He will smile when I say, that my tour of guard was fraught with pleasant anticipations; that I really felt the enthusiasm which Drummond had labored to inspire me with. If he be a military man, (and I apprehend that these essays possess slight interest to civilians, or perhaps, even to those who have run the race of emulation at the academy,) he may remember his own sensations on a like occasion—how proud he felt when first belted, and how lofty he held his head when first he trod his post—a full, responsible sentinel.

What mattered it, that all the world were celebrating independence in their chosen way; that the tides of wine and patriotism were in their flood, and men were swimming bravely on; that the battles of our forefathers were being fought again, over the flowing bowl. I was raised to as high a pitch of exaltation by novelty and ambition, as they by the ardent stimulants of social conviviality or political carousals. I was sacrificing to Mars, while they made their oblations to Bacchus.

But my ardor was somewhat calmed by the experience of two rounds of duty. The sun was burning hot, and his rays played about my "magnificent nose," as Drummond called that protruding organ, whose extremity jutted beyond the visor of my cap, till the cuticle grew red with blushing indignation, and at length peeled off in large scales, which curled up, as if in spiteful disdain of the rude assaults of the solar influences. The nose is peculiarly

sensitive to all extraneous, and especially *digital* contiguity; and was there not so great authority as Hudibras to the contrary, I should locate the precise 'seat of honor' on its verge. The very tide of life seems to linger with luxurious delight about this consecrated spot; and while it is chasing through the veins and arteries with a business-like alacrity, here it rests with aristocratic indolence. If the pleasures of the cup are too oft indulged in, the nose tells, in burning language, of the unseemly appetite, when conscience is silent; and nature stamps her deep impress *there*, in token of wrath for the desecration of her proudest temple, man. When violence assails the nose, what more suddenly arouses combativeness, or sooner causes the bile to discharge itself from the *pori billiari*, or speedier to flow to the *duodenum*? and with what glowing eloquence does the proboscis proclaim the indignity, and urge the fists to vengeance, and the tongue to order "pistols and coffee for two!"

That which is most valuable, we preserve with jealous caution; and what is most delicate, we cherish with tender care. In all climates, and in all times, men have watched over their noses. They have guarded them from the tweaks of knuckles, and from the attacks of the malignant spirits of frost and heat, who seem to delight in their mischievous torments of this sacred organ.

Is it at all to be wondered then, with the tip of my nose scorched almost to embers, and glowing like a beacon on the summit of a hill; my limbs wearied, and my senses unexcited by the usual bustle of camp; that I began to imagine guard duty to be not so very agreeable after all?

I had one consolation, the last of misfortune, namely, companionship in misery. Snickings had, like me, been induced to act as a substitute for an old cadet; the ardor of the sun seemed only to inflame in him the ardor of emulation. Perhaps he had in his mind the idea of the perpetual march of Sol in the heavens, while he trudged, without cessation, backwards and forwards, east and west, stopping only to turn and retrace his steps on post.

Somebody had lent him a coat, the tail and sleeves of which were a thought too short; where he procured his breeches, Bellona only knows; his hands protruded, and his spindle legs thrust themselves far through their appropriate teguments. He looked like a gawky, whose longitude is increasing rapidly, and who is allowed but one suit in a year. His accoutrements were well enough arranged when he mounted guard, but it was impossible to retain them in their proper regularity on such a half-made-up form as his. His cap was thrust on the back of his head, and his usually red face and eyes now looked one homogeneous scarlet, except the chin, which was hid under a huge stock, like a partial eclipse of the sun through smoked glass.

Snickings carried his musket according to peculiar notions of his own; although I have no doubt he strove with all his might, to acquire the manipulation prescribed by the tactics. He was continually changing its position as he walked on post with hurried steps, repeating to himself the order of the manual drill, "carry arms"—

"support arms"—"arms port"—and accompanying these mental exercises, as well as he could, with their corresponding motions. Once he got as far as "present arms," and with this position of the musket, he marched to and fro, making a very ludicrous figure.

He was highly delighted with his success in this voluntary drill; for a scintillation of expression disrupted the monotony of his countenance as he turned towards me, and said, "there now, ain't that done slick"—but interrupting himself immediately, he exclaimed, "Oh Golly! I've talked on post—oh dear! I've talked again—oh, I'll be condemned! I've spoke right out again!"

His exclamation brought a saucy, little, roguish corporal out of the tent, where he had been watching him, with the non-commissioned officers of the guard, and planning mischief against the plebe sentinels; for mischief has been plotted against plebes on post, ever since war was a science; and none are so ready to execute it, as those new-fledged officers with a pinfeather of a chevron, ycleped corporals. The little rascal strutted up to Snickings with all the fuss of a cock-pigeon, and looked as fierce as a bantam chicken. Snickings opened his mouth and red eyes in perfect amazement and terror.

"Mr. Snickings," said the corporal, "you will be arrested for talking on post. And, Mr. Snickings, you must not walk so fast, but, sir, you must regulate—yes, sir, you *must* regulate. And, Mr. Snickings, you must *not* march or walk with p'sent arms. You may ease, carry, support, or secure arms; but, sir, you must *not* walk on post, with order, arms port, trail, charge bayonet, load by twelve commands, unfix bayonet, or pile arms. If you do, sir, you will be arrested." Thus saying, the dapper corporal retreated to laugh at his wit with his accomplices in the guard tent, leaving poor Snickings in a maze of perplexity.

As I said before, I was comforted in my ennui and burning nasal pains by a sort of sympathetic, but wicked pleasure, in the misery of Snickings. By and bye, I heard the cheering sound of "turn out third relief," and in a few minutes, I threw my weary limbs on the softest part of the guard tent floor, and my head on my knapsack, and fell into a snatching slumber. How long I slept, I do not know; for at repeated intervals I would be partially awakened by a murmur of voices, and would then relapse into oblivion and insensibility. But at length I was aroused by obstreperous mirth, and by hearing my name called out in loud and continual tones—"Naso Tremaine—Naso—where the devil are you, Tremaine? Ille non est inventus. Naso! I say, Bully Bob, where's Naso Tremaine, my plebe? Demme if he shan't taste of 4th July in the shape of a genteel swig of donder and blixen just from Amsterdam, and out of a brown Dutch jug. He's stood post for me, (hic) and may I be drawn through a barrel of soft soap, if I don't treat him for it. Naso! Arthur Tremaine! If 'blown ambition doth your arms incite,' as she of Lear's young daughters (hic) once did cry, come to me!

"Come to me, ere the sun has set;
Come to me, ere the turf is wet—
Come, ere the dewy tears begin,
Come, let me pour forth"—Holland Gin.

"Ah! here you are," said Drummond. "I swear you have the seven senses of the seven sleepers. I've bawled loud enough to wake Samuel. But here's a wand more potent than the witch of Endor's. *Somnus non est nobis*. This will raise you higher than she could raise the prophet—"sky high, man, sky high." In the words of an old ballad, I say of you,

"He made the grass his bed;
He made a stone the pillow for his head," &c.

"Come, Naso, my boy, here's to you—here, drink! You are off post—drink to (hic) Independence and Liberty for ever! I'll stand by them, when I can stand by nothing else." You have dreamed with El Hakkan, *mutatis mutandis*, that

"Victorious from the fight returned,
In peace you've ta'en your rest;
While houris fair as Erams wait,
Eager to do your hest.
Thus in the stirring pomp of war,
What sweeter joys than this?
Come now and bid a short farewell
To *visionary* bliss!"

and take some gin. Recollect in the beautiful story of "Abderahman's Legacy," that El Hassan found a brilliant casket—that is, this jug—in which was a talisman—that is, this gin:

"A brilliant casket met his eye,
Even as he kindling spoke,
He pressed the spring, (i. e. (hic) the cork) it open flew,
Beneath his gentlest stroke.
El Hakkan raised it to his lips,
In reverential awe,
And kissed the wondrous talisman,
The wondering Emir saw."

"Come, my boy,—ah! I beg pardon—my *substitute*, I should say, raise this jug to your lips, in reverential awe, and kiss the wondrous talisman—don't spoil the parallel. Byron took gin, they say, and "damn my eye-balls," if there isn't inspiration in it. What are those Dutch lubbers good for, who have no feeling, except in their pockets, but to labor for us of the muses' votaries."

"Well," said I, "dad, if you have finished, I will speak."

"Speak! trumpet, speak! and let thy brazen notes
Sound their shrill diapason to the skies."

"Why, Naso, my boy, I haven't said a word, have I?" answered the poet.

"I won't drink, for I have made a resolution to abstain from all spirituous compounds," I replied.

"Resolution!"

"If your resolutions be like mine,
We will yet give our sorrows a brave end."

"I will assure you this is no compound," continued Drummond, "but the sublimation of distillation, pure and refreshing as your

mother's milk—ardent as your imagination—compounded with nothing, save the aroma of morning flowers, and delicious as the dew which the glad rays of heaven kisses from their beauteous leaves."

In this manner he talked on till *I drank*, or pretended to do so. The camp, in the mean while, was quite enlivened by the return of the wassail crew. No one was overpowered, but all were merry. It was the 4th of July, and officers had winked at the breaches of propriety, but as the "parade" drew near, they entered the camp, and discipline regained its sway.

The plebe guard were instructed in their duties of hailing, which were to them astonishingly intricate. They "must hail three times, and if any person attempted afterwards to pass their post without giving the countersign, they were to chase them twenty paces and call for the guard. They were to hail "rounds" in one way, and "relief" in another. To one they were to say, "advance! *sergeant!*" and give the countersign—to the other, "advance! *corporal!*"—and to a third, "advance! *non com. officer!*" and then came the confusion of "stand friends! advance *one!*" the "patrol," and "parole," and the accident of "an armed body of men," together with sundry injunctions respecting "fire, lights, noise," and so forth.

We were taken to Fort Clinton to acquire some experience beforehand. Snickings was so anxious to learn every thing, that he learned nothing well. To "patrol," he said, "advance one!"—to "visiting rounds," he commanded "stand!" and to "grand rounds" he said never a word. He forgot the countersign, and when it was repeated to him, he misunderstood it; the parole, which, he was told, had some reference, generally, to the subject of the countersign, he could scarcely comprehend; though, as the corporal said, it was not much matter; for he would not know it, nor would it *ever* be demanded of him. Poor fellow! when night came, he was no further advanced in the knowledge of the minutiae of his duties. He mistook the countersign, *Yorktown*, and would not let the commandant pass because he did not say *Corn*—at which Drummond afterwards remarked, "the parole he must have thought was 'hominy,' since this bore a cracked relation to 'corn.'"

Snickings tried to glean a slender knowledge from me. He wanted especially to understand "what the pay-roll was; for," said he, "the corporal was somewhat mysterious on this point."

During the night when all was still, the mischievous corporals played off their pranks on all of us, and particularly on Snickings, who ran just twenty paces after hailing them three times, and then bawled lustily for the "guard;" at which the urchins would march up with a steady, regular pace, and give the countersign, ask him what was the matter, and rebuke him for making so much noise.

But we always make a step too much, and these frisky corporals carried the joke a line too far. They raised such an uproar in camp, that the "officer in charge" emerged from his tent, and pounced on one of them while in the act of doing something, for which he was broken and reduced to the ranks, to tread the sentry's weary round, during the remainder of the encampment,

notwithstanding his protestations that "he was instructing the plebes in their guard duties."

Drummond, who was universally liked, because of his various social, intellectual, and even religious qualities, was enabled by force of these powerful and endearing bonds, to escape many of the penalties for violations of military and academic propriety, which in almost every other cadet would have been strictly enforced. These endearments gave him an influence, *almost* universally acknowledged.

Say what we may of natural equality, mental uniformity, inherent democracy, and such like dogmas of designing men, which impose on popular credulity, and which are so comfortable to the multitude of nincompoops who constitute a large portion of society, my own observation of men, manners, and things, inclines me to stamp them with falsehood and absurdity. The fallaciousness of the idea of natural, inherent equality, is proved by the history of every community, and by exact science. Phrenology teaches us, that we possess mental capacities and powers of unequal extent and energy. Anatomy distinctly demonstrates the same truth with regard to our physical endowments. Among savages, and generally among all untaught bodies of people, the latter confer superior power, in proportion to the superior degree and utility of their exercise. Yet here mind will assert, and, by a sort of concurrent jurisdiction, will maintain its authority.

In educated and social civilized communities, the accidental possession of mental strength confers a moral influence which cannot be successfully withstood, and is eventually acknowledged.

Who has not observed among a party of boys, coming together as strangers, that some one or more acquires, by virtue of some innate characteristic, a power over the rest? Its operation may, in some cases, be invisible, and known only by its effects; but in many and most instances, it is palpable, undisguised and acquiesced in. Nature makes no exceptions to her rules. The same gradations confessedly existing in a portion of the animal world, exist in the other. Brutes possess, and by instinct, as we call it, exert a power over inferior brutes; and man over them. They exercise it over themselves, and he over himself.

When he was made "lord of creation," the instrument was imparted to him by which he was to be enabled to execute his lordly authority. It is reason. And it is delightful to reflect that he, the weakest in physical strength of all created beings of a material constitution not greater, is able, by the force of this endowment alone, to exercise a control indisputable and omnipotent. This is his highest and most ennobling attribute, which seems to bear on itself the impress of the Deity, and to contain within itself the essence of immortality. It is the Celestial Breath of Life.

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," but not less so, is every thing around us. And yet it is incredible, what an apathy pervades as to the beauty, magnificence, and sublimity of creation.

The reason of things is not for me to inquire into. There is a limit beyond which humanity cannot go. Not till we have "thrown off this mortal coil," shall we be able to view, with unobscured vision, the mysteries of the universe. Who may dare to search the depth of the arcana of nature? "Who, by searching, can find out God?"

Let no one, with vain and presumptuous hardihood, go beyond the sphere of reason while clothed with mortality; but let every one encourage its legitimate exercise. As the aristocracy of mind is established and ordained by omniscience, the dictates of humility and duty demand obedience, and rebuke a refusal of submission to its sanctions.

So also does virtue exert its sway. However our passions or sensual propensities may strive for supremacy, the influence of virtue will be confessed by the heart. We all have our better moments, and then we feel the dignity and excellence of goodness. If men's usual actions ostensibly belie this, we may rest assured that it is not because virtue is but a name, but rather, that the predominance of their earthly nature is too well established. Conduct, which conscience reprobates, is the offspring of hypocrisy; for "hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue."

Thus it was with Drummond. His real nature was honorable and elevated. His mind was capable of high exaltation, and his soul longed to free itself from the thralldom of sensuality. But he affected to be what he was not designed to be, and indulged in the ignoble pursuits of less lofty "spirits," as they were called. Yet on the return of the influence of his "real nature," he bewailed with temporary, but sincere repentance, and in very anguish of soul, his departure from rectitude, and vowed a dereliction of base pleasures. Like men addicted to any species of vice, the desire of which, after excessive indulgence becoming dormant, permits the voice of conscience to be heard, he felt and expressed an abhorrence of dissipation,—especially after a full participation of it. He had done more than reason to the "donder and blixen talisman" of the "Dutch lubbers," and for the only time that ever came to my observation or knowledge, was completely overpowered by his potations.

Maurice, who was the "officer of the day" on the 4th of July, had caused Drummond to be arrested for some slight offence, and confined to the guard tent appropriated to the prisoners, as much out of regard to Drummond, who he feared would commit outrages while under the influence of excitement, which would not be overlooked, as out of regard to official duty. And *there* was Drummond, the aspiring, the poetic, the intellectual Drummond, confined like the commonest criminal, and lying in the guard tent, under my eye, insensible, like the most degraded sot! Under my eye? yes, indeed, under the observation of any one who might choose to view so humiliating a spectacle!

What thoughts passed through my brain! what a lesson for a youth like me, who had been coaxed and "*initiated*" into habits which twine themselves around the will, and lead soul and body and mind captive to ruin!

"Alas! alas!" I sighed, "what does the breach of my resolution to abstain from spirituous compounds not portend? I will—I will be strong! Oh God, help me!"

While I was riveted on this melancholy sight, and indulging in these mortifying reflections, Maurice came up to the guard. He saw me, and divined my occupation, and perhaps my thoughts; but he did not come near the scene, or the individual, for whom he felt only kind emotions, and against whom his high-wrought notions of duty might possibly have compelled him to act an opponent or fatal part. He passed, however, at a little distance, and turned his eyes to me, beaming with benevolence and brimful with an honest tear. I felt—yes, Maurice, I felt the full import of that glance! By a mysterious sympathy, that tear called forth an answering drop—a response pregnant with emphasis, from the deep fountain of my affections.

On the following morning, on my return from the last round of duty, I observed Drummond awake. He was lying in the tent.

The aspect of the guard explained to him his duration. He saw me and his eye turned aside. Memory was calling to conscience the events of the preceding day—and what an array of criminal conduct—what violations of morality, duty and dignity, were crowded before the Judge for condemnation! I placed myself where I could observe without impertinence, and marked the changing expressions of his noble countenance. It seemed as if the handwriting of the recording angel was there legible; the workings of the soul within him appeared to be there depicted. The conviction of his self-debasement awakened an expression of indescribable dismay, which austerity could not gaze on and not pity,—which pity could not view without weeping. Just then, the corporal came to him and told him he was relieved from arrest by order of the officer of the day, and I saw no more of him till after I was relieved by the new guard.

The old guard were accustomed to have a "pass," which excused them for that day from several duties, and authorized them to go where they pleased within the limits of "the wall." In consequence, I wandered to my favorite retreat in Kosciuszko's garden, where I found Maurice and Drummond. I was going to retire, but Drummond called me to him.

"Tremaine," said he, "I owe you an apology—yes, more than an apology; more than I can pay. Kader is gone—I see his baseness now. Heavens! why did I not see before? And yet, Tremaine, base and unprincipled as he was, I,—I last night attempted to seduce you as he did, and you fell into the snare. Yes, *you drank*, Tremaine. I wish you had not. I wish you had been stoic enough to have been firm in your resolution. And yet I am glad—glad that I can feel that I am not alone weak; and that you, whom I believe to be something like me in other respects, are not superior in this—nay, Maurice don't frown at this sentiment, I feel it and I express it. It cheers me. I think that it tells me that I am not perversely blind and nerveless; and that this quality is a part of the na-

ture of those subject, as I am, to influences not common to most men. I would despair if I thought that every one else of my temperament, and like me in other respects—and God only knows if any such there are—were able to withstand the power of habit and temptation. I act frequently from impulse—I jump at conclusions—I do not wait to discuss or to weigh reasons for conduct which suits the temper. But, pogh! I cannot sift my motives now. Maurice, indeed I am scarcely conscious of any good ones, except this of my apology to Tremaine."

"Drummond," I replied, "I did break my resolution, but not to the extent you think. I pretended to drink—I did drink *some*, but the rest, I assure you, was pretence."

"Don't deceive yourself, Arthur Tremaine," said Drummond, with animation, "your *pretence*, is pretence to yourself alone—and the habit, the taste, and the *love*, will by and bye be acquired for those ardent liquors, and you will drink in real earnest when you now only pretend. I began so. I pretended! and what's the consequence? I got the name of loving them, and found that this reputation gave me an ideal eminence in the regard of some fools and knaves. I pretended excitement, and whipped up my wit to sustain it. Well! I soon found this exertion might be saved by creating an artificial excitement—I drank without pretence—I drank through vanity. The more I drank, the more I could drink; and were it not for one friend—yes, yes, I mean you Maurice—I know, yes, I know the consequence—I saw it in my dream. Oh, my mother! I saw you there with your wasted form bent over my shroud. I felt your maternal embrace—I felt the pressure of your lips to mine, and I saw the shudder that convulsed you, as the putrid fumes of gin, mingled with the clammy dew of death, poured themselves forth and met your kiss. Oh God! that dream! that dream! let it never be reality."

Drummond uttered these words with a wildness that terrified me. He threw himself on the grass and wept, while neither Maurice nor myself could refrain from sympathy. Maurice rose and beckoned me to follow. I turned the angle of the rock to where was the scene of my own confession.

A few words of explanation followed. Maurice told me that Drummond had had a dream that had taken powerful hold of his vivid imagination, and was accessory to a determination he had formed and expressed, to avoid his evil companions and habits, as I had resolved to do. This, he said, was a period when Drummond appeared like himself, and when "his better nature" spoke. He told me not to interrupt him, for he was a wayward boy—a true child of song, and it was doubtful, if we interrupted his spirit in its outpourings, whether his resolves would be permanent. We then returned and seated ourselves in silence. It was some time before either spoke. Drummond was just recovering from his paroxysm, when Maurice, who seemed to make it his happiness to infuse the oil of consolation into the wounds that conscience inflicted, spoke to him in words of melting kindness.

"Look up Drummond!" he would say, "look up and cheer yourself. Do not give way to these pictures of the fancy, which make reality more frightful. You are not so bad—no, not one hundredth part so bad as you have made yourself; only be firm in your resolution, and all will be well as you could desire. Fix in your mind some principle, some line of conduct; and, this done, you will, by an exertion much easier than you suppose, be able to conform to it."

Drummond interrupted him. "Maurice, I have often thought that there were spirits which link man to God—beings which hover about us for both evil and good. And, if you will permit one more fancy, I have thought that one was embodied in you at times, and the other in Kader. You have counselled me for good, and he always for evil.

"This fancy is strong within me. I know you will ask why I entertain what I cannot prove. *Yes, but I can feel!* I feel the good spirit now. And why, if it *be* an error, why should I dismiss it, so long as it tends to knowledge and beneficial results? I had rather cling to such an error as this. It is not contrary to our religion; nay, is not the existence of spirits expressly warranted by scripture? What was it that departed from those infected by devils, and went into the swine feeding at a distance?

"It had no corporeal existence,—it was disembodied. Who spake and cried out, or impelled the demoniacs to speak? Some power surely; and if this power can cry aloud, it can whisper. If it instigate one, it can another. If spirits existed then, they live and are about us now. The whole gospel teems with instances that cannot, without violent misconstruction, be considered metaphoric; or, without scepticism, apochryphal.

"Then why discourage the idea of spiritual existences, which

"Walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep,"

if such an idea is consistent with, or not opposed to, reason and the teachings of divinity, and is yet comforting and congenial? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine* that man stands midway between God and nothing. We see gradations from him to the meanest insect; and why, since all the power of reason and philosophy is unable to comprehend and explain the nature of the soul, its mysterious connexion with the body, its workings, or the manner of its retention within us,—why should the pride of this reason and philosophy be allowed to blind us to analogy? and why should we refuse our belief in spiritual beings which fill the space from us to God? I believe that all minds subject to powerful exaltation, have a lurking doubt of the conclusions on this subject, of exact reason, which demands demonstration, and is sceptical without it. Cæsar, you know, we have often read, was eminently under the belief of omens, and secret intimations. So was Napoleon, in a

* Pope.

great measure. He had his good and evil periods—yea, he was almost a believer in astrology. Scott was undoubtedly one of this school—so was Irving—and so was Byron—a school taught by unearthly masters.

"The early fathers inculcated the doctrine of guardian angels;* and the beautiful idea that the spirits of departed friends hover around to protect us from danger and evil, and to impel us to good, while it is solemnly cheering, is awful and sublime.

"What, indeed, Maurice," continued Drummond, warming with his subject, "what is more cheering, what takes away more effectually the feeling of loneliness that is apt to creep over one, than the conviction that the spirits of those whom we have loved, and who have loved us on earth, testify the strength of their affection by returning and abiding with us always. When we lay our heads on our pillows, they are there to watch over our slumbers. When we rise again, their vigils are not intermitted; but still they are the faithful sentinels of our thoughts, words, and actions.

"And, oh! what an incentive is superadded by this conviction, to virtuous actions and pure emotions. If we thought that she who once nursed and fondled us, resumed her maternal and spiritual care, and became an invisible witness of our conduct, no inducement could be greater to hold fast on virtue. Yes, I believe it. You, my mother, did come to your child in his dream!"

Drummond paused. The thought of his mother absorbed all others. To generous spirits, the filial relation is sanctified and precious. Filial love is the heart's response to the eternal vibrations of that mysterious instrument, parental affection.

Drummond's reformation was complete. The chains of habit so artfully woven about him, were broken. Their rivets were destroyed, and thenceforth he was a different being. Thus, under the beneficent influence of the noble Maurice, two persons were confirmed in the integrity of their nature.

And here I would fain lay aside my pen to seek that rest and those dreams, which are, according to Drummond's philosophy, a spiritual converse with beings of another sphere.

And is there such a mysterious commerce? Who can tell? Opinion can never be satisfied by demonstration, but will lean to that side which temperament and the predominant power of the individual mental faculties, may chance to incline it.

But there are circumstances of time and place, which lend vigor to propension. At this moment, when every thing is still,—save the sound of the heaving ocean, the tread of the sentinel, and his regular "all's well," and the irregular slumbers of old Carlo at my feet,—at this witching time of night, when popular superstition induces sprites with their greatest power, I feel drawn, as by an influence, to the acknowledgment of their existence.

Arthur has gone from me to his repose. The generous being,

*Referring, I imagine, to St. Jerome, who says: "Nothing gives us a greater idea of the dignity of our souls, than that God has given each of us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to have care of it."

a boy still in his freshness of feeling, in his affections and devotion, though a man in all that appertains to his duty—he believes, and now his imagination revels, in the innocent enjoyment of his faith. I am disposed to envy him. I am apt to think that no one who looks into his own secret emotions, but will discern a lurking credence of fancies which time has sanctioned, but which the pride of knowledge strives to condemn. I have recorded his opinions and his friend's, the singular poet. If you, reader, could be present to the scene before me, you too, I think, would acknowledge the instinctive emotions which establish this philosophy, and confess that they cannot be eradicated. There is a lighthouse in the distance whose beacon gleams through the darkness—a monument of truth and safety. It tells the mariner where lie the rocks and shoals which endanger his good ship's integrity. It proclaims the parental care of his country. There is a beacon in the mind, also, established by God, to guide to truth, and to guard us from the rocks and shoals of scepticism!

A VOYAGE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

CHAPTER II.

“It is a vain attempt
To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties;
These they elude a thousand specious ways.”—*Thomson.*

We mentioned at the close of our last chapter, that the steamboat bringing the Sucker, the gallant envoy of the Mississippi boatmen, to Fort Armstrong, reached Rock Island just as the Sac Indians, under Black Hawk, were about to meet the representatives of the United States in council. The red men, who, on this occasion, had been profuse in the use of the *war-paint*, and were decked in all their savage bravery, had landed on the eastern side of the island, where they were marshalled by their veteran war-chief. The United States' officers, with the friendly Indians under Keokuk, had already assembled at the council house, a large round building, situated about an hundred yards to the north of the right flank of the United States' camp. Thither Black Hawk's band now began to wend their way, whooping, brandishing their lances, and bounding from the earth in all the extravagance of the war-dance. It was observed too, that they were much more completely armed than is usual on such occasions. Many of them, indeed, had their bows bent, and their quivers well filled; so unequivocal an indication of hostility, that it was thought proper privately to increase the guard, and keep the command under arms, for which purpose the daily drill afforded a sufficient pretext. Some of the old traders, men who had passed half their lives among Indians, were evidently uneasy in their seats, and con-

stantly on the "*qui vive*;" and they afterwards declared that never, at a similar meeting, had they witnessed so strong a demonstration of hostile feeling.

The conference was opened on the part of the United States, and the Sacs were told that their Chiefs and Braves were now called together for the purpose of giving a final answer relative to their removal, and that it was expected they would deliver a candid and true *talk*. They were reminded that, twenty-seven years before, their tribe had entered into a treaty relinquishing part of their land, which treaty, after the expiration of eleven years, had been renewed; and that ten years afterwards, they had finally relinquished to the Government of the United States, *all* their lands east of the Mississippi river. They were reminded that, although they were professedly "*the British Band*," and had never been well disposed towards the United States, their great father, the President, had, year after year, permitted them to remain and cultivate the lands they had sold, merely because the frontier was still thinly populated, and there was no immediate necessity for their removal. But now, that the country was rapidly extending its settlements, and that difficulties were constantly occurring between the white inhabitants and their red neighbors, it was manifest they could no longer retain possession of these lands without constantly embroiling the frontier. That, on the other side of the great river, there was, as they well knew, a rich and beautiful country allotted them, where game was abundant, and where they might dwell peaceful and undisturbed.

"*The Jumping Fish*," the hereditary chief, rose to reply. He was a man of about five and thirty, of ordinary appearance, and neither remarkable for his wisdom in the council, nor his prowess in the field. "My braves," he commenced, "have heard what you have said. If the Great Spirit is with your people, as he is with ours, I do not think they would intentionally write down falsehoods at a council, while their red brethren speak what comes from the heart. I am a red man, and I do not put down on paper what is said at a *talk*, but the words are impressed upon my heart, and I do not forget them. I know not what sales or bargains you speak of. 'Tis true that, some time ago, I sold a part of our land to procure the release of a captive brave; but neither I nor my braves know of any sale of *all* our lands on this side of the father of waters."

A part of the treaty was then read to them, and the chiefs who signed it were named, after which Black Hawk rose. Although seventy years of age, his manner was full of energy, and the expression of his countenance was stern and unrelenting. As he threw the blanket from his right shoulder in order to give greater freedom for the arm in speaking, he exposed a naked bust of the very finest mould. He said, "My braves are unanimous in their decision. The Great Spirit made the land for all—the red man as well as the white. The Great Spirit placed our tribe here, long, long ago, and gave us the Rock river lands to possess while we should

exist as a nation. We have held them for more moons than can be counted, and we have no desire to leave them now. There lie the bones of our fathers, and there we will leave our own. The Great Spirit never directed our tribe to sell their land, and if any false-hearted chief ever entered into such a treaty, the braves and the people never sanctioned it. Perhaps the whites have found some valuable minerals in the land, that they seek to drive us from our fertile fields; for, since I arrived at man's estate, I have never injured a white neighbor."

The officer who presided at the council, rising, said, "Who is Black Hawk, that he should assume the right of dictating to his tribe. I recognize him not as a chief. Who is he, then, that he should take upon himself to speak for the tribe. I warn you again," he continued, addressing the braves, "I warn you of the danger of following the counsel of this man. He will lead you into serious difficulties. I have not come to argue with you upon the validity of the sale, for it was public, and is well attested; but to assure you that the time has arrived when you will no longer be suffered to occupy the lands in question, and to ask you in how many days you will be prepared to cross the river." Black Hawk made no reply, but folding his red blanket tight about his throat, took his seat with all the appearance of a man soundly rebuked. Several braves now rose in succession, and with deep ferocity in their countenances, and wild vehemence in their manner, reiterated their determination never to leave their village, but to lay their bones with those of their ancestors. They were now told that they *must* move, and that if they did not do so very soon, they would be driven from their village at the point of the bayonet. They were therefore advised to return to their village, and sleep again before they decided. As the council was about to break up, Black Hawk rose, and advancing into the centre of the room, offered his hand to the presiding officer, and then recovering his erect attitude with infinite dignity, he said, "You have asked, 'who is Black Hawk?'—know, that he is a Sac, and that his father was a great war-chief. He himself has, on more than one occasion, been elected to the command of his people, when danger thickened round them, and they have confidence in his abilities. Black Hawk is satisfied with the lands the Great Spirit has given him. Why then should he leave them?" "The whites, as well as the red men," was the reply, "are strongly attached to the fields and the woods of their birth place, but when they sell their inheritance, they leave the lands without hesitation; think well of what I have told you before you decide." They were then dismissed, and they retired with the same surly defiance depicted in their countenances, that had been remarkable in their demeanor throughout the morning.

When the council was over, the *Sucker* lost not a moment ere he sought an audience of the General who commanded the forces; and, having narrated his adventure, and painted in lively colors the perilous situation of his comrades and their valuable

cargoes, (a considerable portion of which was United States' property,) he earnestly solicited that a guard might be sent below to insure their safe conveyance to the fort. The safety of the frontier citizens, and the security of their property, being one of the most important objects of the campaign, the General at once directed two companies of infantry to be held in readiness for this service, and to embark in the steamboat just arrived, as soon as she had discharged the ordnance and other stores with which she was laden; her captain having agreed to receive the escort on board, and to return for the keels. At midnight, then, the enterprising Sucker had the satisfaction of re-embarking in the convoy to join his friends at the Red Banks, where it was expected the boat would find them on her arrival.

Early the next morning, Keokuk, with the friendly party, called at head quarters. He was richly dressed, in a style that displayed his fine figure to great advantage, and, amongst his various ornaments, a necklace of the enormous claws of the great grisly bear was not the least conspicuous, nor apparently the least esteemed. In stature he was rather above the common height, and in symmetry and grace quite an Apollo. The general expression of his countenance, which in hue was some tints lighter than the generality of Indians, was that of deep thought and constitutional melancholy; but when animated, as in speaking, his eye was full of intelligence. He said, that he had listened with deep interest to the talk that had been held the day before; that he was so thoroughly convinced of the rashness of Black Hawk's measures, and his inability to resist the whites, that he had passed the whole night with the Sacs, endeavoring to induce his personal friends to withdraw from the "British Band," and that he had succeeded in his persuasions with nearly fifty families. He had come, he said, to entreat his white brethren to abstain from the use of force, until he had got all his relations and friends across the Mississippi river, for that he was determined to "pull at them" until he drew them all over. He, at the same time, appeared to feel acutely for his deluded friends who still clung to Black Hawk; he said they had planted their fields on Rock river, and that, as it was now too late to open new corn fields, he feared they would suffer greatly if deprived of their harvest. His course was approved, and his conduct highly commended. He was assured he should have time to continue his exertions, and was authorized to promise his friends, in the event of their compliance, a supply of corn equal to the estimated produce of their fields. He then returned to his camp, opposite the fort, where he had collected his friends under the sanctuary of an enormous white flag.

Two days after this, Black Hawk and his braves again made their appearance at head quarters, and requested an audience. On this occasion, they were followed by a posse of women, a rare appendage to a party bent on business like that which now gained the fort the honor of their presence. When admitted to the council, the old chief commenced by saying, "The Great Spirit made

all men equal—the red man and the white. The Great Spirit gave my people the lands on which they now dwell, and our women, having worked the fields until they have become easy of culture, are unwilling to leave them; my braves, therefore, have decided not to cross the river. We wish to be at peace, and will not strike the first blow, but before we surrender our lands, the bones of our braves shall whiten the plains before you." The speaker then presented to the council an extremely ill-looking hag, as the daughter of the old chief, who, it was asserted, had sanctioned the sale, and he called upon her to witness the falsity of the assertion. The smoke-dried dame was beginning to launch forth with great virulence, when her harangue was cut short, and Black Hawk was told that it was unnecessary to say more upon the subject; that the time to *act* had now come; that they would be allowed three days to cross the river, and if they did not move in that time, force would be employed to compel them. They were then dismissed, with the assurance that they would be permitted to hold no further communication with the garrison of the fort, and in deep silence they left the room. But ere they quitted the house, the old war-chief returned to say, that if the hereditary chief and principal braves consented, then he would no longer oppose the movement.

In the meantime the steamboat had reached the Red bank, and having taken the keels in tow, had again turned her prow against the current. Her progress had doubtless been closely watched by the Indians, but the military force on board rendering the achievement of their enterprise utterly hopeless, the marauders suffered her to finish her voyage unmolested; and the Sucker had the satisfaction of seeing *his* enterprise brought to a happy termination. For, though the boats had still to pass through a considerable extent of that country which was infested by the hostile band, other means were now afforded them, which would render the further attempts of the savages at least nugatory. Leaving the keels then to finish a voyage, which proved thenceforward to be uninterrupted, we will return to the Black Hawk and his allies, who were increasing in force in the vicinity of Rock island.

The days appointed for the transmigration of the British band had revolved, and yet they evinced not the slightest intention of quitting their much-loved abode. Accounts had been received at Fort Armstrong, that the brigade of *mounted men*, called into service by the Governor of Illinois, had some time since taken the field, and might daily be expected at the scene of action; it was therefore decided, that no attempt should be made to force the Indians from their village, until a sufficient *mounted* force was at hand to protect the frontier; the Sacs being well mounted and well armed, and the border people by no means prepared to repel an inroad upon their settlements. And it was now ascertained, that, in case of active hostilities, Black Hawk would be supported by his old ally, the Winnebago prophet, as well as by strong war-parties of Kickapoos and Pottawatamies. Considerable bodies of these Indians, it was discovered, had already collected around the

Sac village, although it was impossible to say to what numbers their forces amounted, for as they were studiously concealed in the deep and thickly clad ravines which stretched to the rear, no man, whatever knowledge of Indian strataga he might possess, could have calculated the strength of their war-parties, until he heard their whoop and the crack of their rifles. It would have been an easy task for the regular troops already assembled at Rock island, to have forced the Indians from the disputed lands, or to have driven them across the river; yet had the latter, incited by a thirst for revenge, recrossed either above or below, they might have ravaged the extensive frontier settlements before the infantry could possibly have reached them. The General, therefore, determined not to strike a blow, until he could array such a force as would make resistance hopeless; when the campaign would probably be closed without bloodshed—a termination he ardently desired.

It was still some days, however, before the Governor joined him. The water courses which crossed his excellency's line of march, swollen by the recent heavy rains, had proved a greater obstacle to the celerity of his movements, than any thing he had probably counted upon; and he was sadly behind the time he had appointed for forming a junction with the regulars. At length, however, as with one thousand five hundred mounted volunteers, he drew near his destination, he sent forward a troop of the squadron of "spies," to announce his approach. The troop arrived at head quarters on the evening of the 29th, and reported that the "army" would encamp that night at the distance of about ten miles to the southeast of the fort. The point where the Governor had been desired to halt his brigade, was upon the river bank, three miles below the fort, and about equi-distant with that post from the Sac village. Here a supply of ammunition and provisions, both of which were much needed, were awaiting him. Soon after sunrise the following morning, the heads of his columns were descried upon the distant summit of the hill, which rose gradually and regularly from the river bank. The prairie here was beautiful. On the left of the depot, and half way up the ascent, commenced a strip of timber, which stretched far away to the eastward—farther than the eye could reach; while on the right, was a distant clump of trees, which looked as if in other days it might have been the abode of some solitary Faun. The intermediate space was open, and its smooth green surface unembellished by a single bush. Through this wide opening the brigade advanced in four columns, and marched slowly down the sloping plain, the rear still rising and winding over the summit, and the whole presenting a lively and exciting picture to those who viewed it from the depot we have just mentioned. The brigade halted near the margin of the river, and, sentinels having been posted, and the horses either picketed or turned loose to graze at pleasure, officers and soldiers were all soon engaged in the important occupation of preparing their morning's meal. His excellency had not taken the field in his capacity of commander-in-chief, but had accompanied the "army,"

it was said, merely with a view to exciting his fellow-citizens to deeds of daring by his presence; and by participating in the toils and privations of the campaign, to instil into them a portion of that patriotic spirit which then arose in his breast, and has since mantled over some of his noblest and wisest acts; as witness his bold and inergetic measures, the following year, at Dixon's ferry, which unquestionably brought about the Sac war, and the ultimate destruction of that unhappy tribe. Yet rumor, ever busy with the actions of the great, imputed the military ardor he evinced on this occasion, to no other incitive than the promised advancement of certain selfish and electioneering schemes. However this might have been, his excellency certainly very freely expressed his opinion that the Sacs should be severely chastised. He said there was scarcely a boy attached to his "army," who had not promised Black Hawk's scalp to his sweetheart: that the men had turned out in the expectation of seeing a little *skrimmaging*, and he thought it but right and proper they should be indulged. In this "little matter," however, he soon learned that his men would probably be disappointed, for the General commanding the United States' forces, under whom the Illinois militia must now act, had clearly expressed himself upon the subject, and it was known that it was his determinate purpose to effect the object of the campaign, if possible, without bloodshed. And that he would be governed by the same principles in treating with this unenlightened and evidently deluded people, as he would in negotiating with any power on earth, all who knew his character were well satisfied. At the same time the Governor was informed that the plan of operations was, in case the British band refused to conform to the terms of the former treaties, to take Black Hawk and his principal coadjutors, prisoners, and hold them as hostages for the literal fulfilment of those conditions. In these views, at length, his excellency professed to concur, and measures were at once decided upon to carry the plan into execution. The whole day, however, was consumed in the cleaning of arms, the issuing of ammunition, and finally, the putting into effective fighting order, the brigade which had suffered not a little from the effects of a long and fatiguing march. The next morning's sun, however, which rose lurid and threatening, saw the several columns of artillery, infantry, and Illinois volunteers concentrating their force upon the devoted Sac village. This village was prettily situated on the right bank of Rock river, a clear, swift stream abounding in fish of the finest kind, while the adjoining prairies and woodlands were stocked with deer, grouse, turkies and other game. Altogether it was a situation calculated to make the heart of the savage revel in delight as he contemplated its varied beauties and advantages.

The Sacs had closely reconnoitred the mounted men on the day of their arrival, and knew, by the preparations they saw making, that the troops would march upon their village the next morning. That evening a brave of the British band was returning from a reconnoissance, and had stepped upon one of the high steep knolls

which rose between the village and the ravines where his party lay concealed. His position commanded a view of the village and the fertile fields upon the opposite bank of the river, where the corn of his tribe, then in tassel, was waving its yellow hair in the evening breeze. "Behold the land of my forefathers," he cried, extending his wide stretched arms; and he stood and watched the last faint ray which the setting sun then flung across the boundless plain before him. As the long shadow closed gradually over the fair prospect, a cloud seemed to settle upon his soul; his eye grew dim and vacant, and a chilling tremor passed over his manly frame. "And must my tribe," he continued, almost choking as he gave utterance to his words, "and must my tribe now relinquish these broad possessions, and fly before the advances of the cursed and insatiable pale faces! Why—why does the Great Spirit frown upon my people?" He could say no more; he dashed the single tear from his eye, and turning silently away, disappeared in the deep ravine which skirted the rocky eminence.

That evening it was decided, in a council of the Sacs, that the village should be abandoned before day, and their women, children, and effects, carried across the Mississippi and placed under the protection of the neutral party, commanded by Keokuk.

At sunrise, however, as we have already observed, the troops had been put in motion; the United States' infantry of the 1st and 6th regiments debouched from Fort Armstrong, and crossing the narrow channel which separates Rock island from the State of Illinois, formed into two columns; and supported by a detachment with two pieces of artillery, moved down in a southeasterly direction upon the village. The Illinois mounted men at the same time took up the line of march, and moved in a northeasterly direction to the same point. The two corps arrived simultaneously at the designated positions. The artillery having taken possession of an elevation on the left of the village, a few shots were fired through the ravines and through the brushwood which covered an island above the village, across which the trace of the ford passed. The head of the column of mounted men then entered the river. A troop of "spies" led the van, and the ford proving practicable, the whole force was soon in the village. The only inhabitant, however, was an old and mangy dog, who had either been deserted by his master, or was too feeble to follow him. The Sacs had left their village only an hour before day, when the greater number had crossed to the western bank of the Mississippi. The number of these could not well be ascertained; but of one hundred and twenty-seven canoes that had been counted in front of the village the day before, not one now remained. Many of the band had clung to their miserable dwellings, until a short time before the entrance of the troops, as was discovered by the fresh tracks upon the trail leading to *the village of the Winnebago prophet*. They were not pursued; for being once driven from their old haunts, and seeing in the field a sufficient mounted force to protect the frontier, it was believed that they would soon settle qui-

etly upon the lands allotted them; after which, the chiefs might be called to council, and required to give pledges for the future good conduct of the band. And the sequel proved that they had been rightly judged.

The village was destroyed by fire, and a judicious disposition of the forces having been made, they bivouacked upon the ground.

The positions which the Sacs now occupied having been ascertained, the troops returned the following day to the vicinity of the fort, when a deputation from the British band soon arrived and sued for peace. The chiefs and braves were directed to assemble at the fort, where articles of agreement and capitulation were afterwards drawn up and signed in full council. The Sacs thus relinquished to the United States, for ever, all claims to the lands they had recently occupied; they also agreed to submit peaceably to the authority of the chiefs of the United Sac and Fox nation; and to discontinue all intercourse with the British subjects of Upper Canada. This treaty terminated the campaign, and Black Hawk, although deeply dejected at the event, appeared so perfectly sensible of the impossibility of his band ever being able to recover their lands, and indeed evinced so strong a disposition to conciliate the whites, that no further measures were at that time deemed necessary to prevent the recurrence of disorder upon the frontier; nor indeed is it probable that this band would have crossed into Illinois the following summer had they not feared an attack from their powerful enemies, the Sioux. The volunteers were immediately afterwards disbanded; the United States' troops were ordered to resume their former stations; and the steamboat having been discharged from the service of the Government, proceeded on her voyage to Galena. The boat reached her destination in safety, and thus terminated a voyage on the Upper Mississippi.

THE BEL ESPRIT.

The last sixty years of the eighteenth century established a mode of thinking, whose influence is not yet lost; it is still exhibited in our manner of speech, although the principles upon which it was founded, are not now acknowledged as genuine. The transmission of fashion from one nation to another, must necessarily cause to be lost some of its peculiarities, and even beauties, as the spirit and mystic sentiment of a poem are changed by translation from one language to another; and so that fashion, of which we are about to speak, has prevailed, shorn of some attributes, in finding a "local habitation" among a people of different habits of pleasure and business, of less vivacity and cultivation, and beyond the circle of a very few persons having no means to preserve its activity, much less to increase its strength.

It may seem strange, that that which flourished in one country by reason of a high state of intellectual cultivation and refinement should, after being transplanted to a foreign land, decline, or expire, though the progress of improvement in the arts and sciences was constant and certain; yet it is so, and it is fashion alone which can explain such a paradox. It proves also, that the manners of that society from which this counterfeit was taken, were not upon correct principles of moral conduct, and that the ethics of the nation, which either reflected its own light, or caught a hue from the brilliancy of a small number, (of geniuses perhaps,) was false and illusory. The progress of truth is certain, and if, like justice, it sometimes moves as it were with leaden feet, yet whenever it attains, it holds its conquest with an iron hand, and can no longer be avoided or opposed. Genius may dazzle the eyes of those who seek truth, but can cast no light which, like an *ignis fatuus* may mislead the goddess herself from the path whereon she treads. Thus, since the year 1740, has this cause been operating to dissipate the fantasies engendered by a factitious state of society, and to allay the vanities, and diminish the reputation of a circle, brilliant it is true, which for a long time called forth the homage of half a world. France is the country in which this object found a genial clime, and its style, or fashion, the desire of being thought a *bel esprit*. Although the same disposition was cherished in England, it was of less duration and of less influence in the British capital than in the court and salons of Paris, and the number of its partisans, the force of its opinions, and the celebrity of its votaries have been less frequently presented to us by the English tongue, than were the same qualities of its fantastic rival in that language so famous for its memoirs and *petites* histories. The talent of the French for such writings has spread the knowledge of private life of that period every where, and reiterated the witticisms of the day, the description of persons, to an irrepressible extent, making us acquainted with not only the quarters of the city in which the most noted resided, but even with the costume of the company and decorations of the apartments.

If the *réunions*, as they were first composed of, had continued their existence with such men as Voltaire and D'Alembert, Rousseau and Diderot, a benefit as well as amusement might have followed, but as it is not the province of learning, or of genius to confine its own light within a particular sphere, it was soon observed and sought after by others of inferior caste, and like the corruscations of the polar regions, was gazed and wondered at by the multitude, who could neither determine its origin, or its utility. They admired, however, without understanding; the passion of imitation rose into phrensy, and they who could not make part and parcel of the original circle, formed others of minor consideration, and the city, or *la société*, was the aggregate of little assemblies constituted for the cultivation of the *bel esprit*! It was the multiplication of these lesser orbs, that threw a shade of ridicule over the system, and the *soi-disants* of the *ton* bowed down before the god

of insipidity and dulness, which they had mistaken for the spirit of sentiment and wit. Here they fancied that they saw upon the "baby brow" of their idol "the round and top of sovereignty," which only distinguishes the front of mature judgment and cultivated taste; and the crowd which gathered around this temple of pagan merit, forgot, in the confidence of numbers, the fear of ridicule and reproach. Down to the present epoch has this feeling been continued; and if there be no periods for the worship of the shadow, still its votaries invest themselves with a dim resemblance in the style and tournure of their speech.

"His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own."

The falsity of the principles upon which these societies were formed, is shown by the gradual decline of the spirit which at first animated them. The national morality at the epoch to which we refer was, to say the least of it, doubtful; and as to the names of the individuals composing these small bodies, the very books which chronicle their fame, give us the impress of their characters. There can be no equivocation in speaking of the majority of those most celebrated in that generation for vivacity and wit; and while we admire particularly the female part of those votaries, we are astonished at the absence of delicacy and virtue, which marked the career of many of them.

The institution of *petites sociétés* in large cities seems to be adverse to the cause of morals. In such bodies, men, for the sake of pleasing, become too familiar with a species of sophistical ethics, and apply it to individuals instead of measuring it by the duties of mankind; and women, by being separated too much from the great body of their sex, lose, in the habit of imitating the other, those distinctive qualities, or attributes of delicacy and refinement, with which nature has armed them to repress vice, and which beauty claims to ennoble virtue.

Whatever pleasure such parties, and the *petits soupers*, afforded the epicurean wits of the day, they have bestowed no good on the general community; and, estimating the results by the numbers engaged, very little has been produced. A lively epigram, or short-lived comedy, awakened occasionally a transient thought; but very few works were matured which have stood the ordeal of subsequent examination. The great and genius-gifted of that day were exceptions to the remarks on the inutility of the fashion of which we have spoken, when considered in relation to their own labors; but their influence was too great to be resisted, and when drawn into close and frequent converse, led their admirers astray. We would be understood as meaning that these societies were more prejudicial to morals than advantageous to learning. Women more particularly may incur what Massillon calls "*un scandale de complaisance*;" for they, from their peculiar place in society, must

necessarily, to a certain degree, imitate; and we may apply the remarks of the same preacher to this subject: "Combien d'âmes faibles nées avec des principes de vertu, et qui loin de vous n'auroient trouvé en elles que des dispositions favorable au salut, ont trouvé dans l'obligation où leur fortune les mettoit, de vous imiter, le piège de leur innocence!" With respect also to the fancied gaiety and inspiration derived from such associations, we will quote another observation of a distinguished writer, that "La gaieté est une des choses les plus rares chez les beaux esprits."

If the *bel esprit* has been so much adored in other nations and in former times, and its followers so eager in the pursuit to adorn themselves with the reputation of wit, as to lose, for awhile, the wholesome guardianship of public opinion, we must remember also another fact which makes it still more striking, that they were generally, nay, it may be said, exclusively, members of the higher classes of society. It is this feature in the history of the phantom that has caused baneful and enervating influences to be exercised upon the general good; and while the latter catches its tone from the first, this itself sinks to a lower degree by losing in the other a criterion by which it could make a comparison, or a friend from which it might anticipate support. In this respect the morals of a people, where one body exercises a great influence over the mass, may be said to be like the atmosphere of the globe; the sun, during the day, transmits its heat to the earth, and the latter, during the night, yields a portion of the gift, and thus, according to their state, is the temperature of the air determined.

There is also another species of wit to which the middle classes attach themselves, but that more particularly of which we speak, is the *recherché* of the beau-monde. It is no evidence, however, of the merit of individuals who pay court to this latter, nor is it necessary as these little societies are constituted, that the members thereof should be *spirituelle*, or erudite, and it is therefore that we array ourselves against such bodies; for the absence of those qualities leads the members from insipidity to vice. In the formation of clubs, where men meet for the interchange of thought and information; where the activity and raciness of mind excite the spirits, and promote the growth of true merit; where congenial hearts find a band of fellowship in the vivacity of genius, which gives matter for the judgment, while it refines the taste, nothing can be more happy and beneficial, if on one side it be considered in a social light, or on the other, viewed as a means of nourishing intellectual excellence. But in those assemblies where the ostensible object is made secondary to pleasure, the character is at once reversed, and we must always object to that which is likely to disseminate odd opinions, or instil petty prejudices; it not only prevents the individual dispositions of the parties themselves, but has a blighting and chilling action upon all with whom it may come in contact. It strikes at the foundations of society, it substitutes eccentricity for sincerity, satire for truth, and epigram for fair and just consideration of others' works and character. The

latter is a disposition so easily cherished, and so soon attained, that among men of tolerably clever, or merely ordinary minds, it is a pretty sure index of bad temper, and although it may be said to possess some attributes of wit, it is also true, that very often it has in common those of ill nature. It is very remarkable, that such societies should have continued and found admirers beyond the generation with which they sprung into existence; not that the subjects from which they drew their dazzling qualities should have been courted, but that the consequences of mistaken pastime and licentious gayety should not have been earlier rightly understood and deprecated. As men rub off in the course of life the little blemishes which in youth may attach to them; as their opinions may be softened, and themselves made purer and better by the minglement of sentiment, only to be caught from the converse of delicate and refined women,—they fell, under the circumstances to which we have alluded, without reflection, into the train of fashion and pleasure; but the other sex, whose point of honor is more difficult, over which no shadows come like summer clouds to be succeeded by a brighter sky, whose nature is rather to shrink from publicity and noise, and to love the quiet of the grove, than the din and celebrity of crowded towns, it seems strange, at first, that without some magic more than what reason knows, they should not only have joined the throng, but really to have continued its power. This could never have happened without a laxity of public morals; the wholesome restraint of honest sense was withdrawn, and left them to listen unopposed to the accents of the vain and the vicious. The appeal was made to the imagination. Wit, pleasure and license spread out the glowing picture of a thousand joys. The breath of fame felt like the warm south that had passed over a sunny bank of violets and roses, and the inspiration of an ephemeral moment was sufficient, in that age, to tinge the waters, and to give a hue to individual character and public manners. Why is it that the female character, in all ages, not excepting the most refined, has been assailed? Why is it, that it has prevailed, even to a fashion, to regard it as weak, vain, frivolous; to make invidious comparisons, contemptuous counsel, sarcastic frowns, and degrading inferences? Is it the license of superiority assumed by the other sex, or the force of truth? It is, in a complete sense, neither; but proceeds from the absence of proper education, from the absence of a salutary course of discipline, by which the female character might be trained into a more becoming and just appreciation of its own dignity, its own merits, and its own capacities. Women are educated for delusion; they are taught to view life as something which ought to be, not as it is; the good and bad are presented to them in such contrast, that they can neither rightly understand the one, or the other, and their own nice notions of what constitutes their (false) honor, makes the picture recede too far for comparison and judgment. It was the mode of education during a part of the last century that led, or induced women, to take parts in society which were not only un-

becoming, but positively disreputable. The natural tendency of the heart for truth and propriety was perverted, and they who had the seniority of years were necessarily regarded as possessing the better judgment, without any reference to the object sought. From the probation of a convent, or religious house, what could be expected? The admonitions of an abbess, the ghostly counsel of a priest, and saintly conversations of sisters, were little calculated to draw forth the sentiments of the human heart, and to lead, by a course of knowledge fitted for the world, the secret influences of the soul to develop themselves, and attain the shape and character to which they were predestined by nature; to which may be added a gloomy and superstitious faith, which excited no emotions but those which the visions of a terrified and youthful fancy might create! How vain to expect knowledge from those who did not know themselves! Is the course of life so plain, or the human character so simple? Has nature given inclinations so strong, that guidance is useless and study vain? If there be any who think so, contemplate those wretched creatures who throng at night the boulevards of Paris, or Oxford street of London, and then say, if ye can, that there were not elements of worth and virtue, that judicious treatment would have saved from this "lowest deep." Such a doctrine, however partially it might be avowed, might be likened to the streets on which they tread, and might be apostrophized in the same language. "Oh! stony hearted step-mother, thy lights give us no hope, and thy thousand sounds but echoes of a hollow heart!"

The habits of domestic life at the present day, and particularly in America, are very different from those of the period in which this prevailing passion had such sway. It is not very likely that any set of individuals now in this country could awaken the same spirit, and control as great a number of persons by the fascination of a peculiar style of amusement, as formerly was the case during a certain portion of French domestic history. The intelligence of society at large, the morals of the nation, and the difference of occupations and education would prevent it. There is, also, another difficulty to be encountered, which arises from the absence of very populous or overgrown cities on this continent. Comparatively our towns are small, and comparatively, therefore, the society of such towns must be mixed or general. There is no peculiar attraction and influence to be exercised by the possession of very great wealth, by elevated rank, and marked superiority of education. The scale of social life is marked by greater equality in its divisions, and the tenor of life of any well bred and educated person is very similar to that of all others of the same class. The "march of intellect," as it has been termed, has afforded two advantages: it has given additional power to every individual by developing his powers and capacities, which benefit, in a more extended sense, is felt by the general community; and it has, by equalizing the mental condition of men, repressed those sentiments of pride and passion which, in every other condition of society, (and

even to this day are felt in the different classes in Europe,) tend to corrupt or to destroy the social virtues. General intelligence has the effect of encouraging good manners, by repressing idle and ill-timed, or foolish opinions; it checks the progress of vanity, but promotes good feeling and good sense; like the careful husbandman, it eradicates vicious weeds, and thus gives additional sustenance to useful plants, which, in time, exemplify the fertility of the earth in fruits and flowers. Perfect liberty in moral and intellectual cultivation, like perfect liberty in political association, is not always the most advantageous. It may, however, be said, that freedom is necessary for the proper development of the intellectual faculties, and that a severe, cold, rigid, and monastic method, represses not only the benevolent emotions of the soul, but, also, the excellent qualities of the mind. Neither extreme is proper for the due cultivation of moral beings; the nicety of devotees absorbs the social character, and the license of the contrary state, which almost runs into that state where "love is liberty and nature law," destroys the moral and domestic virtues. It is between these extremes that women should nicely discriminate. It is the prerogative of good sense, assisted by the natural delicacy with which all females are endowed, to measure rightly the true position which should be assigned to them in life; but this natural aptitude to judge of proprieties in connexion with society, may be perverted by false taste, strong example, and flattering promises. Dazzle with the hope of renown, and the "still, small voice" may, for a season, be hushed or unheeded. Yet there are quiet hours of thought and contemplation, which, at times, all must know, and in which we acknowledge that the heart is a better guide than the voice of praise, and that the noise of merriment cannot still the whisperings of truth. One evil principle and consequence of those little societies of which we have spoken, was to put settled principles of morality at defiance, and to fashion character, not upon a solid basis of truth and consistent conduct, but to trust for its formation to a accidental circumstances, and thus be willing to admire or to disregard effects, without even seeking to control the causes. Vivacity and wit were passports to fame, while other attributes of female character, such as delicacy, tenderness, modesty, and truth, were looked upon as possessing in themselves but little value. It is true, however, that there were women of virtue and good sense, of refined and delicate minds and pure hearts, who, uniting therewith other qualities of talent and wit, were members of those clubs; but it is equally true that they were neither made such as they were, or were improved by these associations. Habits of society, or peculiar position by rank, or other causes, placed them there, and they were not strong enough, even if they had been so disposed, to dissipate the errors of those *re-unions*. Such was the character of those little societies of the French capital at one period, which arose, and were continued for awhile, as it were, schools for the cultivation of the *bel esprit*. It is impossible not to admire the elegance which was there displayed, or not to feel

the charms which beauty and wit shed upon all around; but the light which animated, and the music which cheered, were neither reflected from the mirror of truth, or awakened by those clear waters which, gushing from a pure fountain, offer life, happiness, and contentment to all who drink thereof. To vindicate their name would be to admit the propriety and justness of the principles upon which they were founded; principles which, so far as the conduct of individuals was determined by them, made part of a system of fatalism, and would be, also, but acknowledging that a blind destiny directs our movements, and stamps our character, in defiance of virtuous instruction, and honorable example!

* * * *

NAVAL LIFE.

No. 2.

Early in the spring of the year 18—, our frigate sailed for the West Indies. The morning on which we weighed was a clear and cold one, with a fresh, keen wind at N. W. The shrill pipes of the boatswain, or his mates, with the hoarse call of "all hands up anchor," rang through our decks the moment the day began to break, and one of the midshipmen of the watch, accompanied by a ship's corporal, bearing a lanthorn, entered the steerage, loudly announcing to the young gentlemen that by order of the first Lieutenant, they must all appear on deck in five minutes.

This soon aroused many a weary youngster from his dreams of home and happiness; and toilets were made as fast as the miserably crowded and confused state of the steerage would admit. We were not alert enough for the first Lieutenant, however, for the allotted five minutes had hardly elapsed before the appalling cry of "names, young gentlemen, names," was given by another midshipman from the steerage ladder, who had been despatched to take the names of all who were still below. This warning had a talismanic effect, for by the time the giver of it had reached the bottom of the ladder, the steerage was evacuated.

Upon reaching the deck I commenced my weary journey up the rigging into the main-top, where I was stationed. When I had about half completed it, I was suddenly called down by the first Lieutenant, and ordered to doff my pea-jacket which "was a very unfit garment for a young officer to go aloft in." I, of course, obeyed the uncomfortable order; and, having consigned the jacket to a boy to be carried below, sprang into the rigging in a lighter if not more comfortable trim.

By the time I had reached the top "all ready for heaving," had

been reported from the gun deck; "heave round!" pealed from the trumpet of the first Lieutenant; the shivering marine fife boys at the main-mast, struck up "The girls I left behind me;" the measured tramp of the men at the capstan bars made the whole ship tremble, and she began slowly to move in the direction of the larboard buoy, while the continued chirp of the boatswain's call regulated the veering of one cable as the other was hove in.

For a few moments these were the only sounds heard, save an occasional order to "surge the capstan." The cable was soon up and down, and, after a few hard sallies at the capstan, the anchor broke ground was hove up to the bows, catted, and fished. In a few moments the capstans were again at work, and the ship moved in the direction of the only anchor which now confined her. By this time we were surrounded by small boats from the shore, bearing many a wife, many a leman, and many a creditor, whose debts, alas! were now in a fair way to be paid "under the fore-top sail."

"Short stay, sir," was now repeated from the fore-castle; "avast heaving," cried the first Lieutenant, "lay aloft, sail losers." These orders were followed by a succession of others given and executed with the rapidity of lightning. Our sails being unfurled from the yard at the same instant, the top-sail sheets and halliards were manned, and at the order to "sheet home and hoist away," the many fifes again struck up, again the decks trembled under the heavy footsteps of the men keeping time with the tune, and the immense volumes of canvass were developed as the yards ascended, and the clues were extended by the sheets, while the sharp cry of "keep off with that boat" was continually to be heard from the sentinels upon the gangways and fore-castle.

The top sails were soon set, then the topgallant sails, and the yards properly braced for casting the ship to port. The capstans were again manned, the anchor soon broke ground, and as the ship slowly and majestically fell off, the jib was hoisted, and the head-yards filled away.

The anchor being catted and fished, the courses and royals were set, and our gallant frigate dashed onward like a mettled courser, and soon we beheld

"The glorious main expanding
O'er the bow."

Much attention to the duty of the top was not expected from a youngster like me, particularly as an older Mid was stationed there with me. I therefore sheltered myself as well as I could, from the keen wind under the lee of the mast-head, and in a melancholy mood contemplated the operations I have attempted to describe.

From the time I had joined the ship I had written home but once, nor had I ever fully realized until now that I was about to be separated for a very long period—perhaps for ever—from all who were near and dear to me.

I was *rather* too young, to be sure, to have formed one of those wise matrimonial engagements so common with the newly ap-

pointed Midshipmen, to be fulfilled when circumstances should justify it, though I could not deny even then that a soft preference had crept into my youthful heart, and that, as our frigate moved gallantly on, this preference, as well as all my home attachments, increased twenty fold.

To go below, myself, to write was out of the question; but a topman whom I despatched to my friend Rawdon, who was upon the gun deck, brought me up a sheet of paper and a lead pencil. I seated myself at the top chest, and, though my benumbed fingers would hardly perform their office, I, in a letter to my sister, gave my adieus to the family, and, in a confidential P. S., to the young lady alluded to.

By the time this letter had been superscribed and sealed by Rawdon, to whom I sent it for the purpose, we had rounded to, to discharge our pilot. This done, studding sails were set, and in less than two hours there was nought around us but a world of sky and water.

We were now fairly in blue water, and the struggle of parting from wives, sweethearts, and friends, being over, the duty of the ship was taken with renewed zeal; and in a short time, through the indefatigable exertions of our able first Lieutenant, a perfect system of discipline was established.

I need not tell the initiated how severe the task is of disciplining a new ship's company of four or five hundred men, who are all to be watched, quartered, stationed, and exercised, and as soon as possible too, in order that the ship may be prepared for any contingency, either of the battle or the breeze, that may arise; and to the landsman such details would hardly be interesting.

Our ship had been equipped in warm weather, and had new standing rigging, which stretched very much as we drew into warm latitudes, in consequence of which we were near losing our masts in a violent gale of wind which we experienced. We only preserved them by performing the difficult operation of "setting up," or tightening the shrouds in the midst of a gale.

A difficulty of some moment occurred with the crew, which it may not be amiss to relate.

A part of the daily ration of provisions allowed in men-of-war is rum; and commanders can exercise a discretion as to the mode of issuing it. In some ships it is issued raw, and the cooks of the different messes (generally eight or ten each) draw at the grog-tub the allowance for that number of men, which is carried to the berths and drank there. This arrangement, as may be supposed, is always most acceptable to the men, but as it frequently leads to intoxication, it is generally considered objectionable. It existed in our ship at first, but certain cases of drunkenness which occurred, having been traced to a traffic in that article, which to poor Jack is almost priceless, the Captain ordered that in future the rum should always be mixed with an equal quantity of water, and that every man should answer to his name, and drink his allowance at the tub in the presence of the mate of the spirit-room. This order was received

with much discontent. On the following day the grog was hoisted up, mixed, the line stretched to prevent the men from crowding too much around the tub, the mate in attendance, the purser's steward ready with his mess-book, the drum rolled to grog, but, alas! this sound, which was wont to diffuse the utmost cheerfulness through the ship, on this day had no such influence; but, on the contrary, was received with sullenness and murmurs.

The mate sat in silent expectation on the shot-box; the purser's steward stood idle with mess-book in hand; and master "Jack in the dust"—alias purser's steward's assistant—had filled half-pint measures with the precious fluid, and stood ready to fill many more, but no one came to empty them. In short, it was evident that a combination existed, and that poor Jack, to use a homely simile, had resolved "to bite off his nose to spite his face." A report was made to the Captain, who ordered that the grog should stand twenty minutes, and if not issued in that time it should be capsized into the scuppers. This was accordingly done, for not a soul claimed his allowance. Afternoon grog time came. The same preliminaries were performed, and the same melancholy result ensued. So on, day after day, and it was understood that the word had been passed among the men, that even the life of him who should draw his grog would be in danger. While this state of things continued, the scene which was enacted upon the gun-deck every day at grog-time was truly amusing. It was always hoisted up and mixed as already described, diffusing its grateful odour through the ship, the drum gave the roll, the mate consulted his watch to mark the twenty minutes, while the sailors stood aloof eyeing the preparations in utter silence, but with the most lugubrious countenances imaginable. Many a fresh quid was taken, and many an old one turned, by way of silencing certain unutterable longings which none but an old man-of-war's-man can well conceive. When the twenty minutes were elapsed, and the tub was about to be capsized, the scene became too distressing for them to contemplate, and the deck was always abandoned. Matters had been in this posture for eight or ten days, when an old veteran marine, who had been many years in service, crossed the line after the call had been given, and approached the tub. As he did so there was a general movement in the same direction from all parts of the deck. The old fellow presented himself for his grog, remarking at the same time, loud enough to be heard by all around, that hard threats had been used in relation to the matter, and that he really believed he was incurring some risk in taking his grog, but that he was an old man, and, at any rate, had not very long to live, and had concluded that while he did live he had better take his grog when he could get it. He suited the action to the word, emptying the measure which master "Jack in the dust" handed him, at a draught.

It is impossible to describe the intense interest with which this was regarded by the rest of the ship's company. As the marine turned from the tub, the line was, in an instant, leaped by at least

twenty, and for a few minutes the mate could hardly restore order.

The steward commenced the muster, and the contents of the grog tub took their legitimate course in an incredibly short space of time. The most perfect good humor was at once restored, and no more grog was cast overboard that cruise.

After a passage of rather unusual length, we made the island of St. Domingo, near Cape Samana, and coasted along its shores to the westward, exhibiting our colors before Cape Francois, and other small ports which we passed in sight of.

I was enchanted with the scenery of this beautiful but unfortunate island, and regretted that we did not touch at Cape Francois, as we had all hoped to have done. We left this coast in the evening, steering across the narrow channel which divides St. Domingo from Cuba, and next morning were near Cumberland harbor, upon the southern coast of this magnificent island. The breeze became light and steady, and we stood along the shore to the westward.

Nothing could have been more delightful. Our noble frigate was now in good order, and the thick awnings which were spread fore and aft over our snow white decks sheltered us completely from the scorching rays of the sun. The air was pure, the sky serene, and for me the scenery had magical interest. I was never tired of gazing upon the dark rocky cliffs, shooting up to a vast height in a thousand fantastic forms, while occasionally views could be caught of rich valleys, full of wild and beautiful luxuriance, watered by streams overhung with palms and other trees.

Towards the close of the day, we discovered the castle which defends the harbor of St. Jago, situated upon the summit of a high rocky eminence, and as night closed around us we were becalmed at no great distance from it. As the moon arose, shedding her bright silver light over the smooth sea, the scene became indeed touchingly beautiful; and, as much given as young Mids usually are to taking their full allowance of sleep on ship-board, I found it impossible to tear myself away from the main-top, where I passed the whole night.

By midnight a fine land breeze sprang up, which wafted us rapidly on our course.

MY WHISKERS.

My whiskers are among the things that were!

The envious razor has shorn me of my pride! The cruel advice of some smooth-faced counsellor, has robbed me of my glory. Order No. — with blighting bitterness, has declared that no hair shall be worn before the ear. Violated nature looks angry on such attempts to destroy the luxuriance of her bounties, and every morning frets forth the stubborn beard upon my chin.

He who once rose gay and happy, is now made miserable, by the thoughts of shaving. Hot water in my quarters cannot be procured; no saponaceous compound mitigates the pain of my lacerated face; and I live, day after day, in anticipation of the miseries of the coming morning.

How reckless was the order that makes this wretchedness.

My whiskers *were*, indeed, beautiful. They curled in silky fringe about my countenance, and imparted a manly beauty to it. They were a companion in my loneliness, and many an hour has been beguiled in the delicious occupation of cultivating them. They grew under my tender care, as the plant grows under a maiden's culture. I watched them with the solicitude of a parent; and cherished them, when in their youthful beauty and vigor, as a lover cherishes his mistress; and I remember them now with the subdued fondness of affection ruptured by death.

The ancient Latins called their whiskers, *mystax*, to signify that there was a mysterious power inherent in them. Their mustaches they entitled "the winged beard," *barba alata*, because they raise *homo barbâ alatâ* above the fears and troubles of the world. For if an enemy threatens, or impudence addresses you, one judicious curl of the mustaches wings terror to the heart of your enemy, and humility to arrogance. The Spanish Hidalgo, to this day, proudly cocks his mustaches, and twists his whiskers, to express his disdain and independence.

The French term the whiskers, *les favorites*,—being the same *petit mot* which they apply to their sweethearts.

The Greeks, too, called them by an affectionate diminutive. We derive the name of our whiskers, from both the Belgic and the German word, *wisch*, which signifies a broom—an instrument that every Dutch lady holds in the highest estimation. So, wherever we turn our eyes, we discern *the whiskers* honored by affectionate appellations, and cherished with affectionate delight. What all the world *feels*, must be implanted by nature herself. What all the world honors, must be honorable. How preposterous then, to permit smooth-chin-jealousies to interfere with the glories of man's countenance.

Could this fatal order be revoked, and whiskers be authorized to flourish "below the ear," oh how gladly would I pass in ascetic retirement three months, to rear again my whiskers!

I have just now opened the casket which contains their relics, and each individual hair seemed to look imploringly, and with mute eloquence, to urge this measure as redeeming justice to my whiskers!

A. T.

THE DOOMED SHIP.

Proudly the gallant ship strode on her way,
 And lightly rung the joyous laugh of youth,
 Within her oaken walls; the voice of childhood's mirth
 Was there, mingling its murmurs with the soft
 And gentle tones of woman's voice,—sounds
 Illy fitted to commingle with the tempest's breath.
 And there, contending with the swelling breeze,
 The voice of manhood in his strength arose.

The ship strode on; lightly her buoyant hulk
 Danc'd o'er the ocean wave, and little dreamed
 Her gallant crew, that aught of ill could come,
 To part them from the home they neared so fast.
 An hour of gloom had been, to mar the sunshine
 Of their voyage; a tale of superstition
 From an aged wanderer of the ocean;
 Some dark presentiment, which shadowed o'er his mind,
 And cast a momentary gloom on all around him.
 But it had passed; and all save him
 Were joyous once again. Too true that dark presentiment!
 No tempest came to mark them for its sport;
 Well had they known to brave its fury, and outlive
 Its mightiest effort. Alas! a deadlier foe
 Than tempest's wrath had mark'd them for its own,
 And singled out its victims. The wind
 Had died away, or only came in fitful gusts
 To give an useless motion to the flapping sails.
 The sun had set in gorgeous splendor, and its last
 Bright smile had faded from the west,
 When the low murmur rose from off that peopled deck.
 'Twas not the sound, fear wrings from coward hearts;
 'Twas not the burst of manly grief; but that deep
 Voiceless tone, which comes from the chilled heart,
 When fears, which hope had lull'd, are roused to certainty.
 Whence now is fled the laugh of scorn, with which
 The reckless seamen listened to that veteran's tale?
 What gaze they now so thoughtfully upon?
 It is the black'ning corse of one, whose dread forebodings
 Were alas, too true! Ocean received him
 In her bosom, and the dark blue wave
 Closed o'er his unmark'd tomb.

The ship passed proudly on her way, but when
 The morning sun arose in beauty, it lit a scene
 That well might bid the poet's pen despair,
 And laugh to scorn the proudest stretch
 Of fancy's midnight wanderings.
 Death had been busy in that little realm;
 And ere the last receding sparkle from that sheeted corse
 Had ceas'd to mark its dubious way amid
 The depths of ocean, another victim to the doom,
 Which mark'd that fated crew, had fallen,
 And left a blank within that floating realm,
 Which ocean's choicest treasure could not fill.
 Another and another followed in the wake of death,
 And still the fell destroyer stayed not his hand.

Despair had trac'd her lineaments upon the features
 Of that gallant crew; for there's no pang like that
 Which the brave feel, to fall the victim of a foe,

They may not strive with ; and many a gallant soul
 That oft had stood serene, amid the battle's fray,
 And beheld unmov'd the tempest break in ruin
 Round him, now quail'd before the subtle foe,
 Which wrought uncheck'd its deadly errand.
 As if instinct with breathing life, the ship still held
 Her course, and near'd at length her destin'd port.
 But when her prow, kiss'd by the breeze of ev'ry clime,
 Rippled once more the waters of her native seas,
 But one, of all her gallant band, whose fate with her's
 Seem'd link'd, remained unscath'd amid the general ruin.
 He had seen around him perish, all
 That e'er had cheer'd existence ; and now he stood
 As lonely in the desert world, as in his own
 Deserted ocean home.

He had courted death, when others fled it,
 But stood unscath'd amid its thickest shafts,
 To ponder o'er the ruin'd hopes of many a by-gone hour.
 What now had life to offer him, or what had death
 Of terrors, to deter him from its cold embrace ?
 He nears the coast. Night clos'd around him ;
 The wind arose in fitful murmurs, and sounds portentous
 Of the rising storm, are whistling
 'Mid the tall spars of that gallant barque.
 One moment gaz'd her lonely tenant on the scene
 Of ruin round him ; one moment listen'd to the whistling wind,
 That through long life had been his sweetest music ;
 But which now smote upon his ear, a fearful omen,
 And calling back the flood of mem'ry from its deep
 Recesses in the past, portrayed in one wild fearful glance,
 The lonely doom and desolation of his lot.
 And last of all, his gallant ship must share the fate,
 Denied to none but him. She nears the iron-bound coast ;
 Another hour, and she will float, a shapeless wreck,
 Upon yon rugged strand. To have gone down
 Amid the depths of ocean would have been
 A fate worthy its victim ; and he, her lonely monarch,
 Would have gloried in a death, that promis'd such a tomb.
 But thus to perish !—'twas too much
 For natures such as his to bear.

His doom is fixed ; his vow is seal'd ;
 She ne'er shall reach that rocky strand ; he lights the brand
 As calmly as another lit his nuptial torch,
 When he had pledg'd his love to her, who now
 Slept calmly in the chrystal waves of ocean.
 Another moment, and the lurid glare that lit
 The tempest's gloom, told well her coming fate.
 An instant 'mid that gloom she rode a fearful meteor,
 And the next she rose a tow'ring pyramid of fire,
 Lighting the gloomy waste around, and rousing
 With its sullen boom, the slumb'ring inmates
 Of the distant wrecker's hut.

That fearful hour is now long past ; yet still
 At winter's eve, the aged dweller on yon rocky summit
 Recounts to wond'ring listeners the fearful fate
 Of that lost ship ; and points the spot
 Upon the wild wave's bosom, where one lone petrel *
 Nightly pours its mournful wail upon the tempest's ear ;
 Then seeks its home in the far fields of ocean,
 And again returns with coming sunset.

VANDALIA.

* A sea-bird, said never to alight, and supposed by sailors to be the wandering spirits of shipwrecked mariners.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

[Originally published in the *New England Galaxy*, and communicated by
the author for republication.]

The morn broke brightly o'er the frigate's deck,
While towering skysails woo'd the slumb'ring air;
The clear horizon rose without a speck,
To dim old ocean of a sight so fair.

The cheerless watch, that ends with coming light,
Had been reliev'd and all was calm as death;
As softly lay o'er the blue waters bright,
This floating kingdom, still as holy breath.

The hour was come! a chill went o'er the crew,
As from his berth, four messmates of his heart,
With tears as precious as Castilian dew,
Bore forth the *wreck*, nor murmured at the dart,

That struck their own best shipmate from the roll
Of tars, as dear as vict'ry or life.
The silent sanction of the pious soul
Ne'er bless'd a scene so eloquently rife.

As on the rough and narrow plank they laid
His comely form, the war-worn crowd,
Who now droop'd o'er poor *Spritsail's* shade,
Bent their last looks on his white hammock's shroud. *

Slowly and sad, with measur'd steps they brought
His stern old hulk, long beat by wind and wave;
While o'er the gangway in abstracted thought,
Each comrade view'd the deep, transparent grave.

The touching prayer for mercy had been heard,
And all was hush'd, as if the deed were done;
When hoarse and loud the boatswain gave the word
To "launch!" and then the agonizing "gun"!!
TRITON.

* A sailor at sea is always buried in his hammock.

SERENADE.

Lady, awake! the night wind sighs,
Around the bower where roses sleep,
'Midst fragrant dew, which ever dies,
When sun-beams through the lattice creep.

The hour is past when twilight flings
Its murmurs on the evening air;
And borne upon its sunless wings
Hope, memory, and fear!

It is the hour when midnight's moon
Lights fairies to their frolic spell,
Who vanish when the gloom too soon
Hath passed from hill and dell.

Then lady, show that form so bright,
Or hand upon the moon's pale beam,
To be with slumbers of the night,
The spirit of my dream.

* * * *

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WATHEN.

MR. EDITOR:—The trial of Capt. WATHEN, which took place in Ireland, a few months since, has been the subject of much attention and consideration among the officers of our Army. In Great Britain, it is believed to have created more excitement than any trial by Court Martial for a number of years.

Several officers of the Army have expressed a wish, that the charges and decision of the Court (which will not occupy much space) may be laid before the readers of your Magazine; they will be found in the March number of the United Service Journal, and I unite my request with others for their republication.

A. Z.

COURT MARTIAL ON CAPTAIN WATHEN.—We give, in an adjoining page, the charges, opinion, and sentence of the Court Martial on Captain Wathen of the 15th Hussars. This document comprises all that it may be desirable to record of a proceeding, the necessity for which we have already lamented, and feel additional reason for regretting. While we sincerely sympathise in the complete and honorable acquittal of the meritorious officer upon whom this Court Martial was held, and applaud the upright spirit of patient investigation in which it was conducted, we still feel, viewing its professional tendency, that it were much better the trial had never occurred; nor shall we contribute, by further comments, to sustain the unhealthy excitement to which it has given rise.

COURT MARTIAL.

GENERAL ORDER, HORSE GUARDS, FEB. 1, 1834.

At a General Court Martial held at Cork, on the 23d day of December, 1833, and continued by adjournment to the 16th January, 1834.

Major General Sir John Buchan, K. C. B., President.
 Lieut. Colonel James Charles Chatterton, K. H., 4th Dragoon Guards.
 Lieut. Colonel White, Major, 96th Foot.
 Lieut. Colonel James Lewis Basden, C. B., Major, 89th Foot.
 Lieut. Colonel R. Anderson, 91st Foot.
 Major Cyprian Bridge, Captain Royal Artillery.
 Major Ponsonby Kelly, 24th Foot.
 Major William Mitchell, 56th Foot.
 Major John Walter, 29th Foot.
 Capt. A. S. H. Aplin, 89th Foot.
 Capt. Francis Hawkins, 89th Foot.
 Capt. Edward B. Curteis, 8th Dragoon Guards.
 Capt. Warb. Grey, 56th Foot.
 Lieut. C. G. King, 89th Foot.
 Lieut. Ince, 89th Foot.
 David Walker, Esq., Deputy Judge Advocate.

Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th or King's Hussars, was arraigned upon the under-mentioned charges:—

1st.—“For that he, Captain Wathen, of the 15th Hussars, did, on the 8th of November, 1833, at Cork, at the half-yearly inspection of the 15th Hussars, voluntarily state in an invidious and improper manner, to Major General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, that an unusual supply of new stable jackets had been issued to the men of his troop, and which had been sent from the tailor's shop without his knowledge, thereby imputing improper conduct to Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell, his commanding officer, although it is the custom of the Service to issue new stable jackets to cavalry soldiers as they may require.

2d.—“For conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in first having stated to Major General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, on Friday, the 8th of November, at the place aforesaid, ‘That he had been informed by the sergeant of his troop, that the men were discontented at having new stable jackets delivered out to them,’ such statement being contrary to the fact; and having afterwards on the same day, in an improper and disrespectful manner, when addressed by the Major General, denied having made the above statement, which denial he, Captain Wathen, repeated to the Major General on the Monday following.

3d.—“For conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in stating to Major General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, on the said 8th of November, at the place aforesaid, that ‘he had reported or mentioned to Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell, that the men of his troop had expressed discontent at having new stable jackets delivered out to them,’ which statement was directly contrary to truth and fact.

4th.—“For conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in having in a letter addressed to his said commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell, dated the 12th of November, 1833, made a statement contrary to truth and fact, viz.:—that, in compliance with instructions conveyed to him by the Adjutant on the evening of the said 8th November, after the inspection, he had assembled his troop after evening stables, to convey to them the Major General's approbation of their appearance, &c.; whereas he, Captain Wathen, did not, on that evening, obey Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell's orders to the above effect, conveyed to him through the Adjutant.

5th.—“For that he, Captain Wathen, after having assembled the men of his troop on Saturday, the 9th of November, 1833, at the place aforesaid, addressed them in an irregular and unofficer-like manner, by then and there not confining himself by communicating to them the Major General's approbation of the regiment; but in adding, that some strangers or civilians had particularly re-

marked the soldier-like appearance of his troops, or words to that effect; and also saying that he had no doubt that had they gone on foreign service they would have done their duty as well as any other troop, notwithstanding any unpleasant circumstances which had occurred in the troop, or words to that effect, which address was highly improper, inasmuch as the allusion was therein made to Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell's recent censure for the want of attention to the horses in Captain Wathen's troop.

6th.—“For having, on the 12th November, 1833, at the place aforesaid, refused to obey an order then given to him by Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell, his commanding officer, to repeat verbally what he had said to his men on the said Saturday, the 9th of November, and in having afterwards, when permitted by his commanding officer to commit to writing the nature of the said address to his troop, repeatedly refused to obey the order then and there verbally given to him by his said commanding officer, to leave his written statement locked up in the regimental office during his absence at parade.

“Such conduct being insubordinate, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and in breach of the Articles of War.”

Upon which charges the Court came to the following decision :

“The Court having taken into its serious consideration the evidence produced in support of the charges against the prisoner, Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th or King's Hussars, his defence, and the evidence he has adduced, is of opinion that he is Not Guilty of any of the charges preferred against him. The Court, therefore, honorably acquits him of each and all the charges.

“Bearing in mind the whole process and tendency of this trial, the Court cannot refrain from animadverting on the peculiar and extraordinary measures which have been resorted to by the prosecutor.

“Whatever may have been his motive for instituting charges of so serious a nature against Captain Wathen (and they cannot ascribe them *solely* to a wish to uphold the honor and interest of the army,) his conduct has been reprehensible in advancing such various and weighty assertions to be submitted before a public tribunal, without some sure grounds of establishing the facts.

“It appears, in the recorded minutes of the proceedings, that a junior officer was listened to, and non-commissioned officers and soldiers examined, with the view of finding out from them how, in particular instances, the officers had executed their respective duties; a practice in every respect most dangerous to the discipline and the subordination of the corps, and highly detrimental to the harmony and good feeling which ought to exist between officers.

“Another practice has been introduced into the 15th Hussars which calls imperatively for the notice and animadversion of the Court: the system of having the conversations of officers taken down in the orderly-room without their knowledge—a practice which cannot be considered otherwise than revolting to every proper and honorable feeling of a gentleman, and as being certain to create disunion, and to be most injurious to his Majesty's service.”

His Majesty has been pleased to approve and confirm the finding of the Court.

Although it would appear upon an attentive perusal of the whole of the proceedings that some parts of the evidence might reasonably bear a construction less unfavorable to the prosecutor than that which the Court have thought it their duty to place upon them, yet, upon a full consideration of all the circumstances of the case, his Majesty has been pleased to order that Lieut. Colonel Lord Brudenell shall be removed from the command of the 15th Hussars.

The General Commanding-in-Chief directs that the foregoing charges preferred against Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 15th or King's Hussars, together with the finding of the Court, and his Majesty's commands thereon, shall be entered in the General Order Book, and read at the head of every regiment in his Majesty's service.

By command of the Right Hon. the General Commanding-in-Chief.
JOHN MACDONALD, Adjutant General.

CAPTAIN WATHEN AND LORD BRUDENELL.

Captain A. Wathen was appointed a Deputy Assistant Commissary General in 1814; he served in that department in Flanders in 1815; at Corfu, in 1817; at Malta, in 1818; and afterwards in the Ionian Isles, till his appointment as Cornet to the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, in July, 1820; to June, 1823, Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons; 1824, he was removed to the 15th Hussars; September, 1826, a Captain in the same corps.

LORD BRUDENELL'S SERVICE.

Cornet, 8th Hussars, 6th May, 1824.

Lieut. do 13th Jan. 1825, 8 months.

Capt. do 9th June, 1826, 18 months.

Major do 3d Aug. 1830, 4 years and 2 months.

Lieut. Col. Unattached, 3d Dec. 1830, 4 months.

Lieut. Col. 15th Hussars, 16th March, 1832, 15 months.

No officer, by the regulations, can attain the rank of Captain till he has been two years a subaltern. Lord Brudenell was a subaltern two years and one month.

No officer can attain the rank of Major till he has been six years in the service. Lord Brudenell was in the service six years and three months.

Colonel John Hicks, late of the 32d regiment, was upwards of 40 years in that regiment, and despairing of ever obtaining the command of the regiment, sold out as Major—£3,200 for 40 years' service, and after being engaged in at least fifteen general actions, with skirmishes, &c. innumerable.—*Stewart's Despatch.*

SIR: A writer in the May number of your journal finds much fault with the 32nd article of the Naval Regulations, recently transmitted to Congress by the President

Because, by this article, Masters in the Navy are not to be promoted, except under "extraordinary circumstances," he considers them as "proscribed." He finds the terms used so indefinite as to render it impossible to "unravel" them. The language does not, however, seem to be very obscure; the word "extraordinary" seems to be used in the opposite sense to *ordinary*, and the whole article to prohibit the promotion of Masters under common or *ordinary* circumstances.

The rule is believed to be in accordance with previous usage. Masters have frequently been promoted, but, in almost every instance, under extraordinary circumstances; some for good conduct, but much the greater number from the sudden and rapid increase of our naval force in the last war.

This produced an extraordinary demand for Lieutenants, which the Midshipmen could not supply in a proper manner.

Since that period, a state of things has arisen which renders a recurrence of this cause very impracticable. The number of passed Midshipmen is great, and is annually increasing. There is no apprehension of any demand for Lieutenants which cannot be supplied from them. They entered the service with the expectation of supplying all such vacancies, unless under extraordinary circumstances; and the Masters entered with a knowledge that without such circumstances they could not expect it. The Midshipmen *must* serve five years, and *may* serve thrice that term, before they can receive promotion. They are obliged to enter young, and to devote the best part of their lives to professional subjects, of little or no advantage in any other pursuit of life. They have, for sometime past, performed most of the sea duties of the Masters, and, it is believed, in a satisfactory manner.

Under such circumstances, a regulation which would authorize the promotion of Masters in *ordinary* cases, would seem to be injurious to the interests of the service, and unjust to the whole class of

MIDSHIPMEN.

A WORD FROM CŒLEBS IN REPLY TO SEXTUS
AND GARRISON.

"What dreadful dangers do environ,
"The man that meddles with cold iron."

But much more dreadful are the dangers which environ the man who meddles with matrimony—who dares to touch and handle the subject in the presence of those who have tasted its sweets (and its bitters)—who ventures, uninitiated, with unhallowed tread, upon its sacred precincts, and with wit profane, 'invades the sanctuary' of its mysteries. But this, Cœlebs averreth, that he hath never done. He hath invaded no sanctuary with wit or wisdom, or otherwise. He but ventured to speak of the theoretic effects of matrimony upon our service—to argue, on general principles, that these would be pernicious, if it should be too much spread, and to infer that it would be highly impolitic by legislation to encourage it. And lo! he finds himself assailed with a violence of denunciation, a virulence of invective, and a vehemence of vituperation, under which nothing but the strength of truth, and the courage of conscious integrity, could enable him to hold up his innocent head. "*Oh! causa teterrima belli!*" was written, of old, in reference to the lovelier and better half of the human race—*Causa pulcherrima belli*, they assuredly are; and all (Cœlebs not less than the rest) would be happy, on any fair pretext, to do battle in their behalf. *Causa belli iniqui*, Sextus and Garrison have shown they may be made; for these champions wait not for a fair pretext, but fall to fighting on a very unfair one.

Genus irritabile has been applied to the poetic race. *Genus irritabile* seems to be equally applicable to the race matrimonial; so we might infer from the tone and temper of these marital champions. But I would be loath to do such wrong to this last mentioned race—would be loth to do wrong to any race or individual, but especially to this, into which I may hope sooner or later to be promoted: Albeit, I am still "Cœlebs, not in search of a wife;" a being to whom Garrison averreth, "there belongs either moral turpitude or physical disability." For the last of these the sympathies of the good-natured Garrison are so warmly awakened that, as he tells us, he piously exclaims, "God help him—as a matter beyond all human aid." Oh! most amiable, moral, intellectual, incomparable Garrison! more touchingly than Milton himself, when deploring his blindness, dost thou lament over, not thine own sorrows, but those of a stranger. Milton but deplored his misfortune, as shutting out knowledge from one entrance; but thou, oh! most sympathetic, single-hearted! thou bewailest not for thyself, but for a "wilful bachelor;" not knowledge only, but hope, and every enjoyment of moral and intellectual man, "quite shut out," not from "one entrance" only, but barred from all. "But," continues Garrison, "for the former (moral turpitude) the passions are mustered, and after struggling for expression, the possessor is cursed as a non-natural in the *bas* channel of humanity." Good heavens! is it possible? The sentence sounds so very angry; but the sense, if sense it has, lies very deep,—not, however, "in a well," with truth. The sentiments of Garrison do not lie down with truth; unless on the principles of contrariety and compensation, which seem in so many cases to be the moving cause of love and marriage.

But there is no need to attribute the irritability of these marital gentlemen to matrimony. Long be the holy estate free from any such reproach. Sextus and Garrison are manifestly not only married men, but poets; and to their poetry we will ascribe their irritability. There is passion enough in either of these short essays to inflate a tragedy of five acts. Imagination enough—why, mad Nat Lee was not more imaginative! Have they not imagined me—innocent me—poor Cœlebs—into, I scarce know what? a monster of deformity and vice! coarse, sensual, and tasteless! "invading the sanctuary respected by men of honor and refinement!"—"a contemner of women!" (God forbid;) a "wilful bachelor"—a "pseudo warrior"—"mean in spirit, and spiritlessly witty"—"debased into calling matrimonial felicity a scrape!"—an "ogre" feasting on the fruits of such felicity—"an avaricious soldier"—"a grossly sensual man"—"a miry bristled pig." In short, a combination of all that civilized corrup-

tion, savage barbarity, the brutish creation, and the "mysteries of mythology" present of horrible and hideous. This out-does Ovid in his own department. I cannot possibly make myself out under this new metamorphosis.

One serious word—To have given pain to any honorable and sensitive mind, must always be, to the writer of these strictures, a source of the deepest regret. And even though the pain may have proceeded, as in the present case, rather from morbid sensitiveness on their part, than from any rudeness of touch or awkward gambol on mine, I do not the less regret it on that account.

It is unbecoming a gentleman wantonly to give pain without provocation, unless it be in hot blood. In justice, therefore, to my anonymous self, I must set about showing that these writers, Sextus and Garrison, have done me great injustice, by misapprehending and misapplying the scope and tenor of my remarks; making that personal and individual, which I made general and theoretical.

No man has a right to appropriate to himself public property; neither has he a right to appropriate general observations or general principles, going to establish some general theoretic rule. General rules, whether of ethics, politics, jurisprudence, or military law and regulation, must be deduced from and based upon general principles. These must be sought in the feelings and passions of mankind, which form the life of their actions and the mould of their characters. To arrive at these, we must forget, for the time, our friends and our friendships, our loves and our hatreds; even our own individuality, and take a broad view of human nature, divested of every ornament, stripped of every rag of favor, partiality, and affection. Such was my endeavor, in the very hastily written article, which forms the subject of such unbounded animadversion.

Our friends are always exceptions to any harsh general rule; and it is the right and duty (a right and duty very generally attended to) of every individual to consider himself and his family excepted, at least from all personal imputations. But if gentlemen will unlawfully appropriate public property, they must not be angry at its quality.

On the principles of Sextus, not only satire would be put to sleep forever, but no point of theology or moral philosophy, or political economy, could be mooted without arousing the indignation of half the community. The pulpit would have to be closed; the professor's chair broken; inquiry stifled, and the eyes of truth forever bandaged.

All have read, or at least have heard of Malthus' book on population. Malthus discountenances imprudent marrying, and shows the influence it exerts in promoting misery and crime. But would young men and women, who, following the "dictates of holy nature," had married for love, in spite of prudence, have a right to quarrel with Malthus—to challenge him for calling them imprudent, selfish beings, equally destitute of proper regard for the welfare and fate of their own progeny, and careless for the prosperity and morals of the State? If a man were to challenge Malthus for saying and showing this, methinks Malthus would have a right to decline the combat. What thinks Sextus? Still, if "in conversation" he were "to hold similar language to any of my high-minded brethren of the Army," I would admit, and so would the world, that my high-minded brother could only make the "one reply." So much for Sextus' "simple test of the correctness of his criticism."

Had Cœlebs resorted to vituperation, and applied to married men such epithets as the mild and matrimonial Garrison applies to whoever is a "wilful bachelor," there would have been some reason for all this display of feeling and sentiment and ill temper. But, so far from this, Cœlebs took especial care to disclaim the application of his theoretic notions to his married brother officers. He took occasion to say, what he now repeats, that "so far as his acquaintance goes, (and it is not very limited,) he knows them to be very honorable men, whom no inducements, however near and dear, could cause one moment to swerve from the path of honor."

The whole end and scope of my observations was to show the general influence of matrimony upon the interest and convenience of the service, if it should spread too far, and become as general as it would be the tendency of the proposed law to make it.

A very large proportion of my best pleasures, since I have been in the service, have flowed from my intercourse with the families of officers. And

though, on principle, disapproving of military marriages in the abstract, Cœlebs is very far indeed from disapproving the particular marriages of his particular friends, and has never been wanting in respect and honor for the ladies who have honored the service by becoming members of it, and shown themselves so worthy to be not only the "soldier's bride," but the soldier's pride. To these he is much indebted in many respects. By them the few pleasures of a garrison life have been oftentimes enhanced, and its dullness and monotony relieved. No one can appreciate more deeply and fully than Cœlebs the value and the pleasure of familiar intercourse with virtuous women. Still Cœlebs bates no jot or tittle of his hostility to the project of encouraging and promoting military marriages by legislative sanctions.

Cœlebs must beg Sextus to understand that his opinions and principles are not founded upon personal considerations. That it is not his wont to lug his private griefs and petty personal grievances into any discussion whatever. That he speaks not, thinks not, of himself, except as one of all, when he thinks and discusses what would most promote the good of the service, the respectability of the army, the pride and emulation, and ambition to excel, which alone can nerve and stimulate to the performance of glorious deeds.

Triple, quadruple, aye, a hundred fold of the proposed tax, would Cœlebs willingly contribute to the aid and relief of a friend or brother officer, even while he would resist to extremity an attempt to wrest from him unjustly and unlawfully the hundredth part of it "I'd give thrice as much to any well-deserving friend;" but when it comes to a matter of *right*, "I'd cavil at the ninth part of a hair."

Indeed, it is surprising, and it is mortifying too, to see officers of the army, one of them of a quarter of a century's service, and the other old enough to be married, prate prettily and sentimentally about the sweetness of "a rose, just blushing on the breath of morn," and so ready to take it for granted, as a natural and every day thing, that he who opposes a project—ruinous to the best interest of the service, deadly to the honest, independent pride of the soldier, and grossly unjust to individuals—must needs be influenced in his endeavors solely by his own slight interest, his individual share of the pecuniary part of the evil—a desire to save "tooth-pick money," &c. &c.

It is humiliating to see officers of the Army betray, unconsciously, so narrow a rule of judgment, so selfish and egotistical a principle of action. They speak too of *esprit de corps*! Let them learn, if they can, that a proper *esprit de corps* is not that spirit which is busy in striving to promote the trifling enjoyments and idle pleasures of a part or the whole of the members of the army. That though pleasure and convenience may count for something in the scale of an officer's individual concerns, they form not objects of a generous *esprit de corps*. The honor, the respectability the dignity of the service—these are objects which should warm the heart, and guide the conduct of an officer of the Army. He who is attentive to these, of whose thoughts and character, a care and attention to these form the first elements, he may justly lay claim to a noble and proper *esprit de corps*. But let not him whose thoughts are solely intent upon the comfort and convenience of this class or that class of officers, (to which he may himself belong,) dare to reproach a brother officer with selfishness, and a want of *esprit de corps*. His is a trifling, sorry spirit—the spirit of those "formed to eat, and be despised, and die"—who cares not for the good of the service save so far as it may directly contribute to his own poor pleasures.

A word more. Sextus thinks "the argument to prove that the law for such purpose would be unconstitutional, nonsense." To Cœlebs it seemeth that the short sentence in which Sextus gives his reasons for so thinking, is a complication of nonsense. "Congress have an undoubted right to reduce the pay of any or all grades of officers." Certainly. "And to apply the sum accruing from such reduction to any purpose not in itself unconstitutional." Here is a strange jumble of ideas—a confounding of contrary things.

Who ever heard of money *accruing* into the Treasury by not being *expended* out of the Treasury. If the pay of an officer is reduced, the difference is in the Treasury on the same footing with all other unappropriated money. It is no longer a part of his pay; it did not accrue from his pay; it accrued from custom house duties or other taxes, and there would be absurdity and falsehood in expending or applying it under the name of a part of the officer's pay. But if

one law gives one hundred dollars per month in compensation for certain services, and another law directs that ten per cent. on this sum shall be taken and applied to any specific object, or to no specific objects, it is not a reduction of pay, but a tax upon it.

To reduce an officer's pay is one thing. To tax his pay is a very different thing. An officer's pay would properly be reduced when thought too high in proportion to his services. It would be taxed on the same principles (if any principles) as all other private property is taxed.

To grant an estate in fee of 20 acres of land unconditionally, and to grant 25 acres, reserving rent, might give the same amount of beneficial interest, but they are not the same thing by any means. And he who had covenanted to do one, could not release himself from his covenant by doing the other.

Again—Sextus thinks that Congress might “ apply the sum accruing from any such reduction, to any purpose not in itself unconstitutional.” The grants of power in the Constitution are positive—not negative. Congress have an undoubted right to apply any money in the Treasury to any *constitutional purpose*. A constitutional purpose I take to be a purpose expressed, or necessarily implied in the Constitution. Sextus seems to mean, by “ any purpose not in itself unconstitutional,” any purpose not prohibited by the Constitution, which would be any purpose whatever. So much for the constitutional argument. This is not the place for prolonging it.

As to the good or bad taste of Cœlebs' lucubrations, concerning which Sextus discourseth, Cœlebs can only assure Sextus that, as he writes not for fame or posterity, his purpose is fully answered if he makes himself intelligible, and succeeds in awakening attention, and keeping his readers awake. And it must be confessed that the two critics who have done him the honor of a notice, manifest no symptoms of drowsiness.

But “ the shocking bad taste (to call it by no worse name) is aggravated by the circumstance that the remarks are all *stale*. During a service of a quarter of a century from its commencement, Sextus has heard the same ideas held forth,” &c. It is wonderful that the gentleman's sensitive taste should not have become somewhat indurated by such long and such constant exercise. It is strange that his indignation should be so hot, after blazing as it must have blazed, through a quarter century of service. But it says something for such ideas that they have lasted so well; have withstood not only time and tide, but Sextus' taste, and the still glowing furnace of Sextus' anger. If they now withstand, not only these, but the blue blazes of the wrath of the marital Garrison—the thunder of his eloquence and the lightning of his wit—they ought to be held sacred, as having passed through a more fiery furnace than that of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Before closing, I must return my special acknowledgments to my two critics, and especially to Garrison. The calm tone of this marital champion, the generous and lofty carriage, the spirited wit, the mellow, imperturbable, and joyous spirit, mellowed and softened by the influence of matrimonial bliss; “ the hallowed indulgences and soft endearments of woman's love ”—“ the out-pouring of a living fountain of [milk and ?] water ”—“ the sprinkling of the otto of roses upon the miry bristles of a pig ”—all this has so excited my envy, and roused my admiration of the happy influence of the connubial state, upon the temper and taste, as well as the morals and happiness of the philosophic Garrison, that I shall think it a great misfortune, if another season finds me still

CŒLEBS, (NOT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.)

P. S. Garrison, not content (though seemingly well satisfied) with his own poetry, has pressed some foreign stanzas into service. But there must be some error in the types. It seems it was a “ maid of beauty,” not a matron,

———“ for whose bright eyes was won,
The listed fields of Askalon.”

Will Garrison inform us whether he, who poised his lance, and won the listed fields for a prize so glorious, was a married or an unmarried gentleman? If the latter, whether he was a “ wilful bachelor,” or a bachelor against his will?

INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY.

MR. EDITOR: I have this moment received the March number of your Magazine, in which I observe two articles in reply to Ulysses. The first of these pieces is an ebullition of such a character, as to render the adoption of the words of Apelles, "*ne sutor*," &c. particularly unhappy; and, on reading his effusion, I did not restrain a smile, as the "*mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*" of Horace recurred to me. His attack upon—my signature! (ha! ha!) reminds me of the opening of the bags of adverse winds; but I trust that my project, like the barque of Ulysses, will weather the gale he has raised—and that, and other dangers past, will find good anchorage in the mind of every candid and intelligent reader. How, or wherein, your correspondent has detected absurdity in the proposed system of changes, (which promises to increase the professional knowledge of the Artillerist as well as the Infantry officer,) his readers are freely left to conjecture, no attempt having been made to expose the incongruity. We will leave him to his cogitations.

Turning then to the second article, I will beg leave to reply, generally, to "Lieutenant Slowmatch," that I have not sought to advocate this measure on individual grounds. I do not even know that the Infantry officers would deem an exchange of their abodes, on the confines of the boundless west, for city residences, so vastly agreeable. I do not ask it. I throw out of the question, as I have already stated, all individual considerations, as of minor consequence. Yet, were I disposed to answer the writer on this head, I might reply to the first of his arguments that, if we everlastingly continue to consult our ease, and our "individual rights and privileges," while we disregard, or make a secondary consideration of the "public expediency" of measures; patriotism must degenerate into selfishness, and the thirst for knowledge and distinction sink into the all-absorbing, unsoldier-like passion for accumulating—what?—"double rations!" Double rations are doubtless very comfortable adjuncts to separate commands, and certes, the Artillery subaltern should felicitate himself on the prospect of a captaincy, with these in perspective. But notwithstanding all that "Lieutenant Slowmatch" says upon this head, I think we should scarcely admit that the enjoyment of double rations, or any similar considerations, would be suffered by the officers of the Army, to weigh against the advancement of the interests of the service, or the acquisition of knowledge in the military art. And I must still assert the opinion—and I am happy in the knowledge that I am far from being singular in this opinion—I say, I still assert that the advantages held out by the proposed changes are *mutual*; that the Artillery would gain as much thereby as the Infantry. If necessary, facts might be quoted from the history of the movements that have taken place within the last eighteen months, which would tend to prove the correctness of this position. A knowledge of the simple garrison duties may very soon be acquired at any post, maritime or inland; but there are other active duties of the officer, on the knowledge and correct discharge of which the fate of a command may depend, and which can be learned only in the camp and on the march. Nor would a year passed in this service, necessarily break the chain of studies of any officer, who is really disposed to pursue his researches either in science or in literature. Something has hitherto been advanced, and much might still be said on this point—but, perhaps, as your correspondent declares, the discussion has been sufficiently prolonged. All I ask, then, is that the proposed system may be taken into consideration by the authorities with whom it must rest to decide.

ULYSSES.

THE NAVY.

In the April number of your Military and Naval Magazine, there appears a communication over the signature of Stoddard, reflecting in no very measured terms upon some of your correspondents. I deem it but proper to throw back upon Stoddard the charge of error in facts.

In no one of the papers I have read in your Magazine does it appear that a want of seamen is said to exist at this time; on the contrary, over the signature of a Landsman, a state of war is anticipated, and a desire to prepare for that state, by showing that what formerly was looked upon as adding seamen annually to the Navy, was about being done away with—but, I will give you his language.

“The coasting trade of our country has of late years been diminishing, because less necessary, in consequence of the many improvements in steam navigation, the construction of canals and of rail-roads; we are only as yet in our infancy in these improvements, and from what has already taken place we may reasonably apprehend that these interior facilities of communication, will scarcely attain maturity before a trade, which added annually a number of seamen to our Navy, will be altogether abandoned. Independent of this trade, the craft in all our large rivers, prepared many to embrace the profession of a sailor. This, too, is being superseded so fast, as now, compared with former times, to be scarcely met with on the Hudson and Delaware. Some few years ago, nothing was to be seen but vessels of this description, having on board from 3 to 6 hands. With these facts before us, it certainly becomes the government of the country, by every proper means, to substitute other resources, and to provide some way in which the Navy, when ordered on service, shall not, from want of men, be unable to quit our harbors. Suppose, for a moment, a war among the European powers, conducted on the usual principle of those wars, whenever England has been a party; would it not be necessary to the security of commerce, and to the maintenance of the respect due the flag of our country, that the navy should be efficiently employed in almost every quarter of the world; most certainly it would; but from the anxieties I hear constantly expressed by our gallant officers, I feel confident that more difficulties would be met with, than could be overcome by any exertions of theirs, in manning our ships.”

Again—In another paper over the same signature, we find a Landsman expressing his hopes that steps may be taken to give our public vessels, native Americans, petty officers, who shall have been brought up and educated in the Navy—and here again I must beg leave to use the language of the Landsman.

“Now I would ask, why should not the United States enter into contracts of this nature and for this purpose? I know of no good reason to prevent it; but on the contrary, am satisfied that if done, the Navy of our country would, in a very few years, have all the subordinate stations on board a vessel of war, filled by native Americans, competent and willing to devote their lives and talents to its service. Our public vessels, when fully manned and officered, afford the best school for the description of seamen most wanted in the Navy—such as boatswains, gunners, carpenters, and sail makers; mates to all the above mentioned classes of officers, as also quartermasters, quarter gunners, &c.”

In fact, Mr. Editor, in no instance do I find mention made of a want of seamen, at this moment, for naval purposes; nor do I see that any one of your correspondents speaks of a want of education in “professional science,” except as relates to the petty officers, and I call upon Stoddard to deny the position taken by a Landsman, as relates to that grade of officers on board our vessels of war, if he can, and commit no “error in fact.” It is true that in one paper over the signature of D, mention is made of a want of discipline, but nothing more; and I take it for granted, that what D means when he says, “that the Navy has been retrograding for many years past,” is, that many officers are now sent to sea on trial and in command, who have been, and would have continued to be overlooked, had the country been engaged in a war. Such selections every naval officer must admit, will greatly tend to destroy discipline and harmony—has, does, and will continue to do so, until the course shall be changed; and I see no better remedy for the evil, at present, than the one recommended by D. The chivalry and science of the Navy is confined to no one grade; it pervades all; but certainly, that kind of education which would dictate a mild and argumentative course to prove the correctness of a position, is found to

exist, to a much greater extent than has been exercised by Stoddard, in the junior officers of the Navy. A Landsman, whose intention, to say the least, appears to me to have been of the best kind, should have been treated with some forbearance, and not be accused of stating "errors in fact," when I firmly believe that the best officers in the Navy would agree with him.

Your Magazine, notwithstanding Stoddard, will get along; and I hope that when I shall again see you compelled to answer to the charge of patronage bestowed by the Navy, that it will be no "error in fact."

A NAVAL OFFICER.

RANK AND FILE OF THE ARMY.

In most of the suggestions made in the Military and Naval Magazine, for the improvement of the rank and file of the Army, there is one point which, it appears to me, has been overlooked. That is, the good of the service. It is proposed, in nearly all the plans, to benefit individuals when they leave the army, and become citizens, and not to improve their condition as soldiers. All seem to look on the Army as a "*pis aller*," from which it is the object of every soldier to get discharged as quick as possible. Resolutions have been introduced into Congress, to enlist and teach boys such branches of education as will fit and prepare them for situations of usefulness in life. It was held forth in the public prints as an inducement for enlisting in the Dragoons, that after three years' service, money enough might be saved to enable the economical soldier to buy a small tract of land, quit the service, and settle comfortably for life. It is capable of demonstration, that this is a wrong principle, radically wrong. What sort of soldiers will men make, who take up this honorable profession to turn storekeepers, farmers, or schoolmasters? The soldier's object should be the service; his future prospects, his hopes, his comforts, his ambition should be the service, and nothing but the service. The veteran of years' standing is certainly of more value to the country than a recruit. The object of an army is not to make useful citizens; there is no such intention expressed by Congress; it is not in the rules and articles of war. The Army was formed as a defence to the country, to keep up military knowledge, and serve in case of war, as a nucleus on which a large body of men may be formed, and soon disciplined. The men enlisted should be offered every inducement to remain. They are clothed, fed, taught, and paid, well enough for the time being, but not enough to support them in age. Here is where the system fails; we must take care of our old and infirm men, or we cannot get and keep first-rate soldiers in the service. The punishments must be more certain, uniform, and *prompt*, before we can have a really efficient army.

With regard to the support of men worn out in service, I humbly suggest, that the amount of money that would be legally paid for all the deserters if apprehended, added to the amount expended for courts martial in trying them, would be more than doubly sufficient. Any one having access to the War Department, might easily make the calculation. Money expended in this way would induce good men to enlist; it would give them a home for life; desertion would be rare, and the country would have a devoted army.

M

LETTER FROM FORT GIBSON.

MR. EDITOR: I regularly devote a few moments to the perusal of each number of your Magazine, as it arrives at this post, and acknowledge, with regret, that the contents generally excite surprise rather than pleasure. If your correspondents express the prevailing opinions of the Army, we of the 7th In-

fantry are in a hopeless minority. As I doubt this, however, and believe that the wishes and opinions of the majority have not been expressed, and that, from collision of opinions, some benefit may result, I propose, in a desultory manner, to give my views of matters and things in general, or on the "general welfare"—ill-starred phrase, fruitful of debate in legislative halls.

Some of your correspondents appear to be of those who "laud the powers that be;" for example, "Our excellent Secretary, in abolishing Sunday inspections," &c. As we have no chaplains—and want none—and drills, and fatigue duties are prohibited on Sunday, what occupies the men? Nothing; and idleness, *especially* in an army, is the root of all evil. The men absent themselves from garrison, and become intoxicated. On the sea-board, where the forts are built of durable materials, the loss of two days and a half in the week from fatigue duty may be of no importance; but in our log forts, on the Indian frontier, constant repairs are necessary; and these, with supplying fuel, gardening, &c., requires every day for labor. Here (Fort Gibson) where the external aspect of our work is not beautiful, its interior arrangement comfortable or convenient, nor its location judicious, every man is frequently called out on fatigue; and yet our fort is rotting down. But the officers are to produce by "example"—and precept too, I presume, and thus they will become preachers—a revolution in the "morals" of the men. The morals of no army have, as yet, ever prevented the men from burning, slaying, and ravishing, in warfare; and abolishing Sunday inspections is not likely to prevent these excesses. Previous to his appointment, it was known to many officers that Gov. Cass had visited our lake posts, and it was presumed that he had become acquainted with a garrison life, and the wants and wishes of the Army. Orders No. 1 and 48, of 1833, confirmed this belief; and those who were equal to every fortune, content to do company duty, yet willing to discharge the more agreeable and better paid duties performed on detached service, had scarcely congratulated themselves on the prospect opened to them, when the clamor raised by the gentlemen enjoying these duties, and by those stationed adjacent to Washington, who had it in their power to visit head quarters once a month, caused that clause to be rescinded which alone secured to those on the frontier impartial details, without reference to the solicitations and influence of *applicants*. That clause did not onerously affect the infantry, and placed the officers of that corps on something like an equality with those of the artillery; and what has been the consequence of its repeal? Of the three officers detailed from the 7th regiment since the publication of order No. 48, not one was entitled to his detail, according to that order; and, although in order No. 96, of 1833, an officer of that regiment is ordered to join his company, "having been more than two years," &c; has he joined? Oh, no! His case, we have been informed from private sources, excited great commiseration and sympathy in Washington, and he is continued on topographical duty, and ordered to survey a—pea-patch—*island*.

"The artillery and infantry to exchange stations." But two writers have advocated while many have opposed this proposition; but the plan of the writer in the February No. is truly ingenious. Let the 2d infantry exchange with the artillery, but from Chicago to Red River, (neglecting the 1st, 6th, 7th, 3d, and 4th regiments of infantry,) no exchanges—and why? I answer, those stations are too remote, and in too savage countries, for the artillery to consent to the scheme; and while this exchange by one and two companies is going on with the 2nd infantry, that regiment will, for many years, be secured in northern stations. It is objected that it would not be just, as the infantry are compensated by faster promotion. Let us examine this objection. In the 1st artillery the graduates of 1827, are first for promotion; in the 1st infantry, two of the graduates of that year are promoted, and one awaits it; in the 2nd artillery one of the graduates of '26 is promoted, in the 2nd infantry the same; in the 3rd artillery the graduates of '26 are first for promotion, in the 3rd infantry but one of that year has been promoted, the others await it; in the 4th artillery those of '25 are first for promotion, in the 4th infantry the same; and in the 7th infantry the graduates of that year have just been promoted. There is no great difference here, methinks. The 7th regiment has been thirteen years on the Arkansas, and Red Rivers, and, in '31, was consolidated on the Arkansas,

where it is likely to remain during the life of its present Colonel. * * * The 4th infantry has been as long, I believe, in Florida and Louisiana.

In '27 and '28, a battalion of the 1st, and one of the 3d, with the 6th regiment of infantry, were at the Infantry School of Practice, Jefferson Barracks; (*now*, I presume, this is a fort, for we have no longer any cantonments or fortresses—all forts, whether enclosed or not.) A change was contemplated; the 6th regiment must move, for it has been longest here, and longest consolidated. No such thing; the 1st and 3d were ordered away, and the 5th infantry brought down the Mississippi. Four months elapse, and another change is ordered. *Now*, it certainly is the 6th; for, in so short a time, the 5th regiment has not been perfected in tactics. Mistaken men! The 5th is ordered up the Mississippi again, to the Lakes.

An exchange of regiments would thus appear to be the consequence of some application and exertion of influence, and not to proceed from the wants of the service. There can be no doubt that frequent removals add much to the discipline and efficiency of regiments, by their leaving useless lumber, which will accumulate about a garrison, and by breaking up connexions which may be formed around the stations. No companies should remain more than five years at the same post.

Mr. Calhoun distinguished his administration by many improvements, and by directing a cordon of posts to be erected far in the Indian country. Mr. Eaton comes into office, and discovers that concentration is the true principle, orders the abandonment of two posts, and withdrawal of the troops. Fort Towson is abandoned, burnt by the citizens, and, in a few months, ordered to be rebuilt and occupied. Finding that this scheme would not secure him immortality, he turns his attention to our dress, and, lo! the frock coat is devised. Now, a soldier's wardrobe should be in the smallest possible compass, and this fine idea compels an officer to have at least three coats; a uniform, and an undress coat, in obedience to regulations, and a dress coat to wear at dinners, balls, &c., in compliance with fashion. The infantry button on the frock makes it, at a distance, look like a livery, and it is in no situation as convenient as a close-bodied coat. If an undress coat must be worn, let us have the dress coat with the convex military button, (yellow;) and if it be *essential* that the undress coat should designate different corps, let the shield of the eagle have I. A. and D., and the forage cap of the infantry have the number of the regiment in white metal, while the artillery have it of yellow. In other words, let the present undress coat of the dragoons be that of the Army, with the appropriate letter on the shield of the button.

A READER.

We have omitted some portions of the preceding letter. We cannot allow any writer, whether anonymous or otherwise, to indulge in personalities; nor will we permit the Magazine to become the arena for discussions of a purely personal character.—EDITOR.

POST FUND.

MR. EDITOR: Every soldier is so well acquainted with the object and intention of this fund, that it will require but a brief space in your valuable Magazine to state the object I have in view in mentioning it; which will show that the management of it, with a little alteration, might accord more with a spirit of justice than now exists.

The post fund, agreeably to the "Book of Regulations," par. 351, page 73, is intended to defray the following expenses:

- 1st. Relief to indigent widows of officers and soldiers;

- 2d. Relief to deranged or decayed officers, or infirm or disabled soldiers ;
- 3d. Education of soldiers' children at the post school ;
- 4th. Purchase of books for a library ;
- 5th. Maintenance of a post band.

It will be seen that in every case, with the exception of the post school, the officer derives the same advantage from the post fund that the soldier does, and, in many cases, they take upon themselves the liberty of deriving much more advantage. For instance, at most posts newspapers and magazines are taken, and paid for out of the post fund. The papers, the moment they arrive at the post, are handed to the officers, who have the immediate perusal of them, and when they see fit they are given to the men, often being three or four days old. Magazines are given immediately to the officers, who peruse them, and they then are carefully stowed away, to be bound for the post library, and in, perhaps, eighteen months, the men get to see their contents. But this is not what I am aiming at. My intention is to show that the officers ought to have little or nothing to do with the post fund, as the fund arises almost entirely from the men. To prove this I will ask, how is the post fund created? The answer is a simple one. The post fund is created entirely from the savings on the men's (not officers') rations of flour, with the exception of the tax on the sutler. The correct calculation of the saving of flour is 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., and in a company where there are 55 men, the saving would be about \$226, and the tax on the sutler \$66, making \$292 per annum, or \$5 31 cts. each man.

There is no tax on officers; nor do they contribute, in any manner, to the post fund. At some posts, it is true, they are included in the tax on the sutler; but this is only 10 cents each per month. The question to be asked now, is this: If the post fund is derived from the *men* of a company, ought not the *men* of the company to have all the advantages accruing from it? I think, in justice, the answer ought to be, Yes! And if the men ought to derive the advantages, are they not the best judges of what would best be to their advantage? Again, I think, the answer should be, Yes! In short, my opinion is that the post fund should be managed in such a manner, that it might be entirely devoted to the immediate wants of the men.

It is allowed by every one, that if a company of men are obliged to appear clean, on days of parade and inspection, the means ought to be furnished to them. As things now are, the amount in post fund may be \$100, and that \$100 may remain idle in the treasurer's hands for years, and no appropriation can be obtained for white lead, rotten stone, and all the other etceteras requisite to clean a soldier's accoutrements.

I would propose that the post fund be appropriated for the following purposes, to wit:

A certain amount for the post school; a certain amount for the post library; a certain amount for papers and magazines; a certain amount for articles requisite to keep the men's accoutrements in order; and the balance for disabled soldiers, or soldiers' widows and children.

The pay of six dollars, which a soldier receives, is for his services; that is, the duty required of him, and which he is obliged to perform; but it never was expected that *requisite articles* should be taken out of that six dollars.

I could write a long article on this subject, but my intention is only to ask this simple question: If the post fund arises entirely and solely from the men of a company, ought not the men of that company to receive the entire and sole advantage and benefit therefrom?

One more remark, and I have done. Concerning the post library, when a council is ordered, the officers who compose the council make an appropriation for books. The men (to whom the post fund belongs, and from whence the appropriation is made) are not consulted at all, and nine cases out of ten, such volumes are obtained, which suit the fancies of the officers, but which are of no use to the men, nor are they even looked into by them. When the council adjourns, as a matter of etiquette, the commanding officer approves of the proceedings, for this reason, that should he object, and the council prove obstinate, they can again reassemble, and have the power to *nullify* his objection, agreeably to "Regulations," par. 345, page 72.

PUTMAN.

MAILS IN THE WEST.

FORT GIBSON, ARKANSAS, April 20, 1834.

MR. EDITOR: It would be a difficult matter to account for the hitherto total silence of your western, army correspondents on the subject of mails and mail-routes in connexion with military stations. It is the very natural result of a simple principle of political economy—demand and supply—that the mails diminish in number and velocity in the inverse ratio of the distance from the great marts of commerce and fountains of literature; these last, unnaturally swollen and turbulent as they are, from political sources. Thus, as the civilized adventurer passes to the west, he soon discovers that his yearning for communication with friends and the busy world behind, is not administered to with a hand as lavish as in the more internal intercourse. And the further he advances on his course, the more is he convinced of the necessity of reducing his mental appetite to the dull standard of the scattered semi-civilized settlers; and, alas! let him but pass that Rubicon of letters, the Mississippi, and stern experience has taught me sympathy for his condition. There the half wild post-boy urges a worn and ancient steed through, not *absolutely* “trackless forests,” but bridgeless swamps and streams; and, whenever he arrives, *rara avis* as he is, tells a tale forgotten though unknown.

I have said this is a natural result. It is so. And this supply of literary food is equal, or nearly so, to the demand; is fair trade without a balance; for these wild *freemen* of the forests and prairies *exchange*, perhaps, but exaggerated bear stories and the like, authenticated by a ✕ scrawled between an expressive nickname and the unwonted patronymic. This horse-mail system, connecting, by devious courses, towns not exactly nameless—for that is not the western *forte*—this semblance of an intercourse, resembling the meshes of a great web, (gulling the aforesaid literary insects,) often becomes so deranged as to fail outright. At best, he that could trace the course of a letter which has been subjected to the operation, would be the Theseus of a modern labyrinth.

I will give a case somewhat in point: A mail from this post intended, at some doubtful period of the future, to arrive at Washington City, after having, by a wonderfully constant progression of three days, passed over *eighty* miles of its course, is comfortably housed until it makes seven revolutions around the earth's axis. “Time and tide wait for no man;” but this is waiting on time with a vengeance.

Now let us suppose the not improbable case of an officer at this post, whose presence is required elsewhere on an urgent occasion; well—thanks to “No. 48,” of notorious memory—to run no chance of being considered a deserter, or having his pay stopped at the least, he must apply for permission at Washington. Now, supposing further, the most favorable case: the presence of his Colonel, (who is likely to be 500 miles off, and not a whit nearer Washington;) he writes him a formal application, and mails it; next imagine, if you can, that officer's feelings the long week, during which he knows it lies in a post office eighty miles off! How many other such stops it may make, *en route*, Heaven, and, possibly, Mr. Barry know better than —. This much he may *hope* that, “God willing, and the *creeks don't rise*,” (as once said a Methodist preacher,) his answer will be received in sixty some odd days.

The mail routes may be, not inaptly, considered as radii of a circle, diverging from the great centre of interest and information, the East. That the velocity of these mails on these routes is only demanded in a diminishing ratio, is granted, *in most cases*. Take the case of a military post, say Fort Gibson, at the termination of one of these radii: is it not certain that, even in these peaceful times, the Government will frequently have occasion for the speedy communication of instructions or orders? There may be a threatened irruption of Sacs, Iowas, or Winnebagoes. If any thing can rival in delay, irregularity, and uncertainty, the combining of militia, or the prolixity of their operations, it would be the tardiness and uncertainty of the mail that would bear an order for the Dragoons to march to the post threatened—the scene of action.

This, though important, is not the view of the subject that I would most insist on.

There are about forty officers at this station. There are, also, settlers, agents, &c. &c., always attracted by army posts. Now, to say nothing of the families of many of these persons, or of the soldiery, here are some fifty individuals in

constant communication with the seat of Government; still more largely with friends and the world generally, leaving out of consideration, *if necessary*, the extremely hard case of these educated individuals, depending upon extraneous sources for instruction and amusement, who, without any *cacoethes legendi*, must severely feel this great delay in the posts. And, addressing myself to the interest, rather than to any thing so imaginary as the conscience of a ruler, I ask, does not this unusual demand bespeak a corresponding supply? Does not this unwonted *custom* demand an increase of the mail carriers's speed? Should not his business be done better for his pay? Should he, on such radii, linger and tarry as he does on the more barren extremities of other routes, terminating in the indistinct confines of civilization?

C.

ORDNANCE SERGEANTS.

I feel every disposition to gratify your curiosity in regard to the manner in which I became possessed of the thoughts of S. J. But should I tell you, the announcement would immediately unravel the mystery; therefore can only say, that if you were aware of the intimacy existing between S. J. and O. S., you would not be surprised, that I should know his most secret thoughts: and the reason that I did not question you with regard to H was, that I am not conscious that I have the honor of his acquaintance; at all events, I am not his confidential adviser.

The communications alluded to, bearing different "post marks," ought not to surprise you. I may have taken the hint from Ulysses, and might have possibly been stretching my legs preparatory to a general move; to see how a twenty years' march would agree with me. And to tell you the truth, not having run down many buffalos in my life time, I feel that I should give out in the first ten years, and am wholly opposed to serving the country on Ulysses' terms.

As to O. S., and the subject on which he was anxious to call the attention of the proper authority, I had no object but the interest, present and future, of that interesting and meritorious class of non-commissioned officers. My wish was to build up, and not to pull down; and if O. S.'s communication is to have the latter effect, I say away with it. Have the goodness to put it aside with other valuable papers for future reference.

O. S.

THE POTOMAC BALL.

A ball on board a frigate is always an interesting affair; and when that frigate happens to have just returned from a long voyage, and is commanded by a gallant and popular Captain, and an agreeable and courteous band of officers, receiving almost the first welcome into port on their own deck, and there exchanging the greetings of friendship, to say nothing of any more tender sentiments that are not unapt to spring up in the brief visits of the sailor-soldier to his home; when all these incidents combine to give interest to such a scene, one can hardly wonder that the ball of Commodore Downes should have been one of the prettiest and pleasantest displays with which we have been recently favored.

Invitations were issued for an early hour on Wednesday evening, and from about seven o'clock barges were in waiting at the foot of the steps by the Granite Dock, to conduct the company on board the Potomac. The barges were manned by crews in uniform, and were so matted and cushioned as to furnish the most comfortable accommodation. The frigate was lying at a short distance from the shore—how far we will not undertake to say; an unpractised eye is easily deceived; and as for the time of the passage, we took no note of time during the evening.

The arrangements of the ball were perfect. On entering the ship, the company descended immediately to the main deck, which was divided along the centre, by curtains and drapery, into two parts. One was the avenue to the inner cabin, where the Commodore and his lady received their guests. This part of the deck was a place of general promenade. It was completely lined with flags—chiefly signal flags—and brilliantly illuminated. The banner drapery completely veiled the cannon, and concealed all the “bristling horrors” which we naturally associate with a man-of-war. The only signs of steel that we saw were a score or two of cutlasses, one of which was in the hands of a fair lady, who looked as if she might have won many victories with very different weapons.

An awning had been erected on the quarter deck, and here was the ball-room. It was completely lined with flags and banners of all nations, among which the banner of the stars and stripes was the most frequent and the most beautiful. Indeed there is no flag that waves by land or sea that can compare for beauty with that of our own native republic. Heaven grant that it may float many centuries before a star shall fade in its lustre, or shoot madly from the glorious constellation!

At one extreme of the dancing hall was a transparency of Washington. Immediately opposite was a beautiful pyramid of light and flowers, of which we can, perhaps, give some idea by a slight description. The base of the pyramid was a circle of muskets applied to the novel use of candlesticks. In the upper circles of the pyramid, bayonets were employed for the same purpose. About these circles were vases of the richest flowers, roses, and tulips—red, yellow, and variegated, with wreaths and festoons of evergreen—composing a most brilliant exhibition. Two or three smaller, but similar pyramids, with the lanterns hung at frequent intervals along the sides of the marquee, poured a flood of light on the gay and joyous scene.

But we must not catalogue the artificial decorations of the ship, to the exclusion of the living ornaments, that were the chief attractions of the occasion. We entered the ball-room in the midst of a most lively and capricious kind of cotillon, full of animation and action; and as we looked on the smiling and delighted beings, threading the mazes of the dance with so much gayety—so much brilliancy—so much giddiness and intensity of joy—the whole pageant for a moment passed away from before our eyes, and we were standing on the same deck on the eve of a battle; the sharp and quick word of command was heard, for the laugh of beauty or the whisper of love—armed men were moving in disciplined array to sterner music—the whole scene black with the instruments of death—silence and awe repressing the spirits now so intoxicated with revelry, and making “the boldest hold their breath—for a time!”

No one could look on this scene, without being thus affected—but for a moment only. There was too much absorbing interest in the present, to carry our thoughts either to the past or the future—and too much pleasure in the real and actual, to set us dreaming about the possible and contingent. We preferred to see the quarter-deck a ball-room rather than a battle-field—flowing with wine rather than blood—more formidable from glances than lances—with the sons of Neptune and the soldiers of Mars surrendering at discretion to the light battalia of Venus, with no artillery but the flashes of bright eyes, and no musketry but the interchange of quick wit and ready repartee—no swords but jests, and no wounds but those of the heart—we preferred all this to any sombre reveries or gloomy picturings of fancy. The striking contrast of the scene which might be, with the scene that was, impressed us deeply for a moment, but the shadow passed away as readily as it came, and left us again in a circle of bright thoughts and beautiful beings.

We can merely touch on the other incidents of the ball; such as a very pleasant supper, on a part of the main-deck, hung with banners in the style of the dancing room, and similarly illuminated. Though at rather a late hour, the spirits of the company were as high as ever, and the gayety and excitement continued to the close. A little after midnight the ladies began to think of retiring, and as the barges put off, one by one, with their unwilling passengers, many lingering looks were turned back on the gallant frigate; and many a year will pass by before they will forget the magic of the floating palace, and the fairy-like wonders of the ball of the Potomac.—*Boston Atlas, May 30.*

DISTRIBUTION OF THE DRAGOONS, ARTILLERY, AND INFANTRY, OF THE UNITED STATES.

Com- pany	Captain.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Where stationed.
<i>Dragoons.</i>				
A	C. Wharton, -	L. P. Lupton, -	J. L. Watson, J. M. Bowman, <i>b</i> -	Fort Leavenworth.
B	E. V. Sumner, -	T. Swords, -	J. H. Burgwin, G. W. McClure, <i>b</i> -	Des Moines.
C	M. Duncan, -	P. St. G. Cooke, -	J. S. Van Derveer, -	Fort Leavenworth.
D	D. Hunter, -	B. D. Moore, -	E. Steen, A. Ury, <i>b</i> -	" Leavenworth.
E	D. Perkins, -	J. Davis, -	James Allen,† G. P. Kingsbury, <i>b</i> -	" Gibson.
F	E. Trenor, -	C. F. M. Noland, -	Declined, W. Eustis, <i>b</i> -	" Gibson.
G	N. Boone, -	Declined, -	J. W. Shaumburg, -	Des Moines.
H	L. Ford, -	T. B. Wheelock, -	Dead, -	Fort Leavenworth.
I	J. B. Browne, -	A. Van Buren,† -	Resigned, A. G. Edwards, <i>b</i> -	Des Moines.
K	Jesse Bean, -	J. F. Izard, -	B. A. Terrett, L. B. Northrop, <i>b</i> -	Fort Gibson.
		J. W. Hamilton, Adjutant. -		See order No. 41.
<i>First Artillery.</i>				
A	G. Porter, -	G. Nauman,† J. McClellan,† -	E. French, J. H. Prentiss,† -	Fort Moultrie.
B	Dead, -	D. Van Ness,† J. Williamson, -	R. C. Tilghman,† J. W. Barry, -	" Severn.
C	H. Whiting,† -	Resigned, J. Farley, -	M. Knowlton,† J. W. Bailey,† -	" Monroe.
D	S. Churchill, -	J. Dimick,† J. H. Winder, -	G. Watson, F. H. Smith, -	" Johnston.
E	H. Saunders, -	D. D. Tompkins, C. Dimmock,† -	G. W. Turner,* J. Ammen, -	" Trumbull.
F	M. Mason, -	L. B. Webster,* A. D. Mackay, -	E. S. Sibley,† J. T. Kennedy,† E. A. Capron, <i>b</i> -	" Washington.
G	R. M. Kirby, -	T. Green,† J. R. Irwin, -	J. B. Magruder, H. G. Sill,† D. E. Hale, <i>b</i> -	Beaufort, N. C.
H	H. Griswold, -	L. Gates, F. Taylor, -	W. Maynardier,† W. D. Pettis, -	Castle Pinckney.
I	F. Whiting, -	J. Howard,† G. D. Ramsay, <i>A.</i> -	W. Palmer,† L. Sitgreaves, D. B. Harris,† -	Fort Monroe.
<i>Second Artillery.</i>				
A	T. C. Legate,† -	A. Lowd, H. W. Fitzhugh,† -	J. B. Grayson, T. B. Adams,† -	Fort Wood.
B	F. S. Belton, -	S. Mackenzie, C. F. Smith,† -	W. S. Chandler, H. E. Prentiss, -	" Morgan.

C	G. W. Gardiner.	-	Dead, W. C. De Hart,† -	-	W. E. Basinger, R. Peyton,† E. H. Schri- ver,† b	Fort Jackson.
D	G. S. Drane, -	-	C. Mellon,* F. L. Dancy, -	-	A. A. Humphreys, R. P. Smith,	" Marion.
E	J. P. Taylor,†	-	C. S. Merchant, J. Green, -	-	H. W. Mercer,† R. H. K. Whiteley,†	" Oglethorpe.
F	J. F. Heileman,	-	H. S. Mallory,† C. Smith, -	-	J. Allen, Resigned, -	" Monroe.
G	J. Mountfort,	-	J. A. Chambers, J. S. Abeel,*	-	J. C. Casey, G. W. Ward,†	" Pike.
H	R. A. Zantzinger,	-	R. L. Armstrong,* W. Wells,*	-	J. L. Locke, T. B. Linnard, T. F. J. Wilkinson,b	" Pickens.
I	N. Baden, -	-	J. A. d'Lagnel, M. M. Clark,†	-	J. Mackay, J. C. Vance,† W. B. Bur- nett,† b	Augusta Arsenal.
A	<i>Third Artillery.</i>	-	H. Garner, A. G. S. Greene,	-	N. B. Buford,† J. A. Smith,† R. R. Mudge,b	Fort Sullivan.
B	U. S. Fraser, -	-	W. B. Davidson,* J. L'Engle,*	-	W. Bryant, E. Rose,†	" Mitchell.
C	C. M. Thruston,	-	W. S. Newton,† W. S. Maitland,	-	G. Fetterman, A. E. Church,†	" Monroe.
D	F. Ansart, -	-	J. W. Harris,† R. Anderson, -	-	F. Vinton, W. Wall,	" Constitution
E	E. Lyon, -	-	S. Ringold, D. H. Vinton,	-	E. B. White,† J. H. Simpson,† R. W. Lee,b	" Monroe.
F	W. L. McClintock,	-	J. R. Vinton, Z. J. D. Kinsley,†	-	T. B. Brown,* W. L. McKee,†	" Preble.
G	M. P. Lomax,	-	F. N. Barbarin,† R. D. A. Wade,	-	D. S. Herring, J. Child, J. A. Thomas,b	" Wolcott.
H	A. Mackay,†	-	M. Burke,† C. Graham,	-	R. E. Temple,† B. Poole,† J. H. Al- len,b	" Mitchell.
I	T. W. Lendrum,	-	R. B. Lee,* R. P. Parrott,†	-	G. A. Talcott, E. D. Kayes,†	" Monroe.
A	<i>Fourth Artillery.</i>	-	S. B. Dusenbury,† G. W. Long,†	-	B. S. Ewell,† F. E. Hunt, J. L. Davis,b	Fort Monroe.
B	J. L. Gardner,	-	S. Cooper,† F. L. Jones,	-	J. F. Lane,† J. Barnes,† A. E. Shiras,b	" "
C	J. M. Washington,	-	J. Pickell,† R. C. Smead,†	-	A. W. Thornton,† J. E. Johnston,	" "
D	P. H. Galt,	-	C. Ward,† A. Buckley,	-	W. F. Hopkins,† A. Deas, -	" Hamilton.
E	B. K. Pierce,	-	W. W. Morris, H. Bliss,†	-	T. J. Cram,† J. N. Macomb, J. H. Mil- ler,b	" Trumbull.
F	M. M. Payne,	-	H. Brown, F. Searle, -	-	C. Petigru,† S. H. Drum,	" Hamilton.
F	L. Whiting, -	-	A. Canfield,† W. P. Bainbridge,	-	C. O. Collins, W. H. Emory,	" "
G	J. Munroe, -	-	E. C. Ross, H. A. Wilson,†	-	D. H. Tufts,† S. C. Ridgely,† A. Brush,† b	" "
H	J. Schmuck,*	-	H. A. Thompson, A. J. B. Scott,	-	M. C. Ewing,† T. J. Lee, R. Archer,† b	" Severn.
I	J. Erving, -	-		-		

DISTRIBUTION OF THE INFANTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Com- pany.	Captain.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Where Stationed.
<i>First Infantry.</i>				
A	E. A. Hitchcock,	W. L. Harris,	L. J. Beall, ^A G. D. Dimon, ^b	Fort Crawford.
B	S. M. Kee, [†]	A. S. Miller, [†]	E. A. Ogden,	do
C	T. P. Gwynne,	T. B. W. Stockton,	S. Burbank, [†] G. H. Pegram, ^b	do
D	T. Barker, [†]	W. M. Boyce, [†]	I. Wood, W. H. Storer, ^b	do
E	Jeff. Vail,	J. H. Lamotte, [†]	J. K. Greenough,	Fort Snelling.
F	Gus. Loomis, [†]	J. W. Kingsbury, [†]	J. R. B. Gardenier, J. McClure, ^b	do
G	T. F. Smith,	E. Backus, [†]	E. R. Williams, [†]	Fort Armstrong.
H	W. Day,	G. W. Garey, [†]	G. Wilson, [†]	" Snelling
I	W. R. Jonett,	O. Cross, [†]	S. Eastman, [†] T. M. Hill, ^b	" Crawford.
K	S. Shannon, [†]	J. J. Abercrombie, [†]	E. G. Mitchell, [†] John Beach, ^b	" Armstrong.
<i>Second Infantry.</i>				
A	John Clitz,	J. S. Gallagher, ^A	J. H. Leavenworth,	Fort Mackinac.
B	W. V. Cobbs,	J. R. Smith,	J. M. Clendenin,	" Brady.
C	N. S. Clarke,	T. Morris,	I. P. Simonton, [†] E. G. Eastman, ^b	Hancock Barracks.
D	Wm. Hoffman,	John Bradley, [*]	Silas Casey, T. Johns, ^b	Fort Gratiot.
E	B. A. Boynton,	C. A. Waite, [†]	J. M. Hill, J. W. Anderson, ^b	Hancock Barracks.
F	T. Staniford, [†]	H. Day,	A. R. Hetzel, [†] H. W. Wissell, ^b	do
G	E. K. Barnum,	J. J. B. Kingstury,	J. W. Penrose, J. V. Bomford, ^{†b}	Fort Mackinac.
H	O. Ransom,	W. Bloodgood, [†]	A. B. Eaton, J. Brown, ^b	" Gratiot.
I	S. Johnson,	S. P. Heintzelman,	E. R. Long, I. R. D. Burnett, ^b	" Brady.
K	G. Dearborn,	S. L. Russell,	G. W. Patten,	Hancock Barracks.
<i>Third Infantry.</i>				
A	J. Bean,	N. S. Harris, [†]	J. H. Taylor,	Fort Towson.
B	W. G. Belknap, [†]	Otis Wheeler, [*]	Thomas Cutts,	" Jesup
C	L. N. Morris, [†]	H. Bainbridge,	S. B. Legate,	" Towson.
D	B. Walker,	W. R. Montgomery,	E. B. Babbitt,	" Jesup.

DISTRIBUTION OF INFANTRY—Continued.

Com- pany.	Captain.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Where stationed.
D	Jason Rogers,†	J. S. Worth,*	Resigned.	Jefferson Barracks.
E	Jacob Brown,†	L. M. Nute,	T. L. Alexander, G. H. Griffin,† b	do
F	W. N. Wickliffe,	Gus. Dorr,	J. Freeman,	Fort Leavenworth.
G	G. C. Hunter,	M. W. Batman,	T. F. Drayton,† J. P. Harrison, b	Jefferson Barracks.
H	Isaac Clark,†	H. St. J. Linden,*	W. Hoffman,†	do
I	Z. C. Palmer,*	J. Van Swarengen,	J. D. Searight,† J. E. Blake, b	do
K	Thomas Noel,	G. H. Crossman,	F. J. Brooke, A, J. P. Center, b	do
<i>Seventh Infantry.</i>				
A	Nathl. Young,†	W. Seawell,†	R. H. Ross,	Fort Gibson.
B	Dropped,	L. F. Carter,	T. H. Holmes,	do
C	John Stuart,	J. A. Phillips,†	J. P. Davis, A. F. Seaton, b	Fort Smith.
D	R. B. Hyde,*	W. G. Williams,†	Jas. West, G. W. Cass,†	" Gibson.
E	George Birch,	J. E. Newell,†	A. M. Lea,† D. P. Whiting,†	do
F	J. L. Dawson,	F. Lee,†	G. J. Raines,†	do
G	N. G. Wilkinson,*	J. R. Stephenson,†	S. Kinney,	do
H	E. S. Hawkins,	N. Tillinghast,†	R. S. Dix, R. C. Gatlin, b	do
I	Charles Thomas†,	Thomas Johnston,	W. W. Mather,†	do
K	Trueman Cross,†	D. S. Miles, A,	S. W. Moore,	do

* On leave of absence.

† On detached duty.

A—Adjutant. b—Brevet.

VESSELS OF THE U. S. NAVY IN COMMISSION, JULY, 1824.

Name.	Rate.	Commanders.	First Lieutenants.	Surgeons.	Assistant Surgeons.	Pursers.
<i>Mediterranean.</i>		D. T. Patterson, Com.				
Delaware,	74	J. B. Nicolson,	T. W. Wyman,	Wm. Turk,*	J. C. Spencer,	F. A. Thornton,
United States,	44	H. E. Ballard,	W. E. McKenney,	S. Rapajic,	R. M. Balzer,	J. N. Todd,
Constellation,	36	G. C. Read,	J. Rudd,	M. Morgan,	J. C. Mercer,	J. Colston,
Shark,	12	H. Paulding,	W. G. Woolsey,		E. H. Freeland,	A. M'D. Jackson.
<i>West Indies.</i>		J. D. Henley, Com.				
Vandalia,	18	T. T. Webb,	T. J. Manning,	J. Kearney,*	L. W. Minor,	D. Walker,
St. Louis,	18	T. M. Newell,	W. S. Harris,			F. G. McCauley,
Falmouth,	18	W. A. Spencer,	W. M. Armstrong,	W. Johnson,	H. S. Coulter,	N. Wilson,
Grampus,	12	John White,	W. C. Whittle,		D. C. McLeod,	S. Ramsey,
Experiment,	12	Thomas Paine,	S. Johnston,		G. B. McKnight,	P. A. Southall.
<i>Brazil.</i>		J. Renshaw, Com.				
Natchez,	18	J. P. Zantinger,	W. W. McKean,	S. Moseley,	W. F. McClenahan,	S. P. Todd,
Ontario,	18	W. D. Salter,	C. Lowndes,	G. W. Codwise,	D. S. Greene,	B. J. Cahoon,
Boxer,	12	D. G. Farragut,	T. T. Craven,		E. Gilchrist,	
Enterprise,	12	A. S. Campbell,	J. D. Knight,		J. A. Lockwood,	J. S. Punch.
<i>Pacific.</i>		A. S. Wadsworth,				
Commodore.		D. Deacon,	W. Inman,	A. A. Ades,	A. C. Gambrell, J. C. Palmer	J. H. Terry,
Brandywine,	44					
Vincennes,	18	J. H. Aulick,	C. H. Bell,	A. B. Cooke,*	J. F. Sickels,	E. N. Cox,
Fairfield,	18	E. A. F. Vallette,	J. P. Wilson,	W. F. Patton,	M. G. Delaney,	J. A. Bates.
Dolphin,	12	R. Voorhees,	J. W. Turk,		H. S. Rennolds,	

* Fleet Surgeons.

OFFICERS ATTACHED TO U. S. NAVY YARDS, 1834.

Rank.	Portsmouth.	Boston.	New York.	Philadelphia.	Washington.	Norfolk.	Pensacola.
<i>Yards.</i>							
Commandant,	W. M. Crane,	J. D. Elliott,	C. G. Ridgely,	J. Barron,	I. Hull,	L. Warrington,	W. Chauncey,
Master Com'dt.	G. W. Storer,	Joseph Smith,	M. C. Perry,	W. M. Hunter,	J. Gallagher,	F. A. Parker,	L. Rousseau,
Senior Lieut.	J. R. Jarvis,	E. B. Babbit,	J. S. Nicholas,	S. L. Breese,	W. J. Belt,	F. Forrest,	J. M. McIntosh,
Lieutenant,		Oscar Bullus,	None	G. S. Blake,			B. F. Bache,
Surgeon,	W. Plumstead,	Charles Chase,	John Haslett,	W. P. C. Barton,		J. Cornick,	C. S. Hunt,
Asst Surgeon,	None.	John F. Brooke,	T. L. Smith,	None,	T. Winn,	G. W. Palmer,	
Purser,	J. Wilson,	Henry Etting,	J. M. Hailey,	McK. Buchanan,	W. Ryland,	J. Brooks,	
Chaplain,	None.	James Everett,	None.	None,	M. Dove,	T. J. Harrison,	N. Warren,
Master,	J. Mull,	S. C. Hixon,	F. H. Ellison,	J. Ferguson,	L. Twiggs,	J. B. Potts,	T. A. Linton.
Com. Marine Offi.	S. E. Watson,	W. H. Freeman,	J. M. Gamble,	S. Miller,		R. D. Wainwright	
<i>Rendezvous.</i>							
Commander,	None.	T. H. Stevens,	J. D. Sloat,	J. T. Newton,	None,	J. H. Clack,	None.
Lieutenants,	J. H. Little,	F. Ellery,	J. R. Sands,	F. Eagle,		W. Jameson,	
Surgeon.	None.	E. W. Carpenter,	J. B. Montgomery	H. A. Adams,		W. H. Gardner,	
		G. Dayers,	P. Christie,	J. M. Greene,		J. R. Chandler,	
<i>Receiving Vessel.</i>							
Commander,	None,	J. Armstrong,	M. P. Mix,	T. Dornin,	None,	A. Fitzhugh,	None.
Lieutenant,	None,	F. Varnum,	H. Pinkney, [as't			A. G. Slaughter,	
Surgeon,	None,	W. Whelan, as't	H. N. Glentworth			L. B. Hunter	
Purser,	None,		C. O. Handy,			E. Fitzgerald,	
<i>Civil List.</i>							
Navy Agent,	J. Loughton,	D. D. Brodhead,	J. K. Paulding,	H. Toland,	E. Kane,	N. Legrand	B. C. Willis,
Storekeeper,	R. H. Ayer,	George Bates,	T. Craven,	R. Kennedy,	C. Selden,	G. Galt,	R. Joyner,
Master Builder,	John Floyd,	Josiah Barker,	S. Hartt,	None,	W. Doughy,	F. Grice,	D. Munro,
Clerk of Yard,	J. P. Simes,	S. Etheridge,	G. W. Lee,	W. H. Crabb,	E. W. Clark,	J. L. King,	A. Breese.
Com'd's Clerk,	John Christie,	J. Etheridge,	H. J. Willett,	H. S. Crabb,	J. Etheridge,	S. B. Browne,	
<i>Hospital.</i>							
Surgeon,	None,	None,	W. Swift,	W. Smith,	T. J. Boyd,	T. Williamson,	I. Hulse,
Asst Surgeon,	None,	None,	S. Sharp,	S. W. Ruff,		G. Blacknall,	F. Wessels.

ORDER, }
No. 45. }

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, June 14th, 1834.

The following communication has been received from the War Department, which, together with the accompanying regulation, is published for general information.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
June 13th, 1834.

SIR: It appears, by the estimate of the Quartermaster General, that the sum appropriated for the transportation of the officers of the Army, for the present year, will not be sufficient to meet the usual expenditures under this head, unless measures are taken to reduce the existing rate of allowance, and to limit, as far as the public service will permit, the amount of travel. Under these circumstances the regulations on the subject of transportation have been revised, and are herewith transmitted to you for promulgation. You will, in addition thereto, impress upon all the officers commanding departments and posts, the necessity of their restricting the travelling of the officers within the narrowest limits compatible with the good of the service.

I am satisfied that the officers of the Army will cheerfully co-operate in any effort to keep the expenditures, appertaining to any of its branches, within the sum which Congress may be pleased to allow.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
LEWIS CASS.

Major Gen. MACOMB.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
June 13, 1834.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVELLING ALLOWANCE.

1....Officers having first joined their regiments, companies, or the stations where they are required to perform duty, shall, on all subsequent journeys, performed by proper authority, and in discharge of their duties, be allowed transportation for their baggage, or reimbursement of the expenses of the journey, according to the rules and subject to the restrictions hereinafter stated.

2....Officers who travel under orders, without troops, beyond the range of their appropriate daily duties, not less than twenty miles, shall be allowed nine cents a mile.

3....Officers while travelling to and from general courts martial, the allowance a mile shall be two cents less than above stated. This difference is made in consequence of the per diem allowed by the act of the 16th of March, 1802, to officers travelling and sitting on general courts martial.

4....No compensation will be made to any officer attending a court martial, as member or witness, if on duty or if on leave of absence at the post or place where the court is held.

5....Every citizen who shall attend a court martial, as a witness, upon a regular summons, shall be allowed his actual transportation, or stage fare, and three dollars a day for the time occupied in travelling to, attending on, and return from court, computing the travel at the rate of fifty miles a day.

6....Whether journeys performed by officers on duty be by land or water, the distance shall be estimated by the shortest mail route, according to the book of distances, issued by the Post Office Department; or, when there is no direct mail route, by the shortest practicable route.

7....Officers who exchange stations with each other, or who obtain transfers from their own to other corps, will not be entitled to any allowance for the journeys performed in consequence of such exchange or transfer.

8....All officers on leave of absence must return to their duty without expense to the public. Orders given for their return to duty are not to be so construed as to entitle them to transportation of baggage.

9....Officers ordered from one post to another, without troops, or ordered to attend general courts martial, or courts of inquiry, whether as members, judge advocates, or witnesses, are expected promptly to comply with their orders.

Any officer, therefore, who shall fail to repair to his post, or attend a court, as directed, shall forfeit all allowance of transportation, besides being subjected to be brought before a court martial to answer for his neglect of duty and disobedience of orders, unless some reasons, satisfactory to the General-in-Chief, shall be given. In order that this regulation shall be strictly enforced, no officer, under the above circumstances, shall receive his transportation, unless the commanding officer of the post, or the President of the court, gives a certificate that the officer arrived at his post, or court, within the proper time, according to the order, and without unnecessary delay.

10....When troops are required to change their stations, transportation shall be provided by the Quartermaster's Department, on the requisition of the commanding officer, for the whole force required to move, including all the officers who are to change station with the troops, whether attached to the companies or not, as well as their authorized servants and the regulated number of women to companies; and officers who fail to avail themselves of the means of transportation provided, will be considered as having forfeited all claim to the allowance; and no reimbursement or compensation will, in any shape, or under any pretence whatever, be made to them in lieu of it. This rule applies to all officers moving with detachments of troops, whether large or small, or whether they move by land or water.

11....Arrangements made for the transportation of troops, or supplies, by the Quartermaster's department, are not to be changed by any commanding officer whatsoever, unless there be such a neglect or disregard of duty by the Quartermaster as shall lead to his arrest and trial. Should any commanding or other officer take upon himself to change the arrangement of the Quartermaster's department, he shall be responsible for all the consequences.

12....Whenever troops move by land the following transportation shall be allowed for their baggage: For the field and staff of a regiment, including the attending surgeon, one four horse wagon and team, or an equivalent in pack horses or mules, and in that proportion for such of the field and staff as may be present. For a company or detachment of from fifty to seventy-five men, including company officers, one four-horse wagon and team, or an equivalent in pack horses or mules, and in that proportion, according to the number of men. For the sick, hospital stores, and medicines, the necessary transportation will be provided on the requisition of the surgeon, approved by the commanding officer, in proportion to the number of the sick unable to march.

13....The baggage of the army which is to be transported at the public expense, is limited to officers' mess chests, clothing, and bedding, and the camp-equipage of the troops, consisting of cooking utensils and table furniture, tents, tent poles, and company clothing not issued.

14....Whenever troops move by water, passages must be provided for the officers who accompany them, in the cabins of the steam-boats, or other transports employed; and every accommodation, consistent with a liberal economy, must be provided for the troops, especially in the case of large detachments of recruits; but no unauthorized baggage is to be transported at the public expense, for either officers or soldiers.

15....If the surgeon, who accompanies a detachment of troops, moving by water, should require it, a separate apartment must, if possible, be prepared for the sick.

LEWIS CASS.

BY COMMAND OF

MAJOR GENERAL MACOMB, commanding in chief,
ROGER JONES, Adjutant General.

ORDER, }
No. 46. }

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, June 21st, 1834.

The Major General commanding the Army has received, through the War Department, the following "General Order" from the President of the United States:

GENERAL ORDERS.

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1834.

Information having been received of the death of GENERAL LAFAYETTE, the President considers it due to his own feelings, as well as to the charac-

ter and services of that lamented man, to announce the event to the Army and Navy.

LAFAYETTE was a citizen of France, but he was the distinguished friend of the United States. In early life he embarked in that contest which secured freedom and independence to our country. His services and sacrifices constituted a part of our revolutionary history, and his memory will be second only to that of Washington in the hearts of the American people. In his own country and in ours, he was the zealous and uniform friend and advocate of rational liberty. Consistent in his principles and conduct, he never, during a long life, committed an act which exposed him to just accusation or which will expose his memory to reproach. Living at a period of great excitement and of moral and political revolutions, engaged in many of the important events which fixed the attention of the world, and invited to guide the destinies of France at two of the most momentous eras of her history, his political integrity and personal disinterestedness have not been called in question. Happy in such a life, he has been happy in his death. He has been taken from the theatre of action, with faculties unimpaired, with a reputation unquestioned, and an object of veneration wherever civilization and the rights of man have extended; and mourning as we may and must his departure, let us rejoice that this associate of Washington has gone, as we humbly hope, to rejoin his illustrious commander, in the fullness of days and of honor.

He came in his youth to defend our country. He came in the maturity of his age to witness her growth in all the elements of prosperity; and while witnessing these, he received those testimonials of national gratitude which proved how strong was his hold upon the affections of the American people.

One melancholy duty remains to be performed. The last Major General of the revolutionary army has died. Himself a young and humble participator in the struggles of that period, the President feels called on, as well by personal as public considerations, to direct that appropriate honors be paid to the memory of this distinguished patriot and soldier. He therefore orders that the same honors be rendered upon this occasion at the different military and naval stations as were observed upon the decease of Washington, the Father of his country and his cotemporary in arms.

In ordering this homage to be paid to the memory of one so eminent in the field, so wise in council, so endeared in private life, and so well and so favorably known to both hemispheres, the President feels assured that he is anticipating the sentiments, not of the Army and Navy only, but of the whole American people.

ANDREW JACKSON.

In obedience to the commands of the President, the following funeral honors will be paid at the several stations of the army:

At day-break, twenty four guns will be fired in quick succession, and one gun at the interval of every half-hour thereafter, till sunset.

The flags of the several stations will, during the day, be at half-mast. The officers of the Army will wear crape on the left arm for the period of six months.

This order will be carried into effect under the direction of the commanding officer of each post and station, the day after its reception.

BY COMMAND OF

MAJOR GENERAL MACOMB, commanding in chief,
ROGER JONES, *Adjutant General.*

TO THE COMMANDER OF EACH NAVAL STATION.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
June 21, 1834.

In conformity with the accompanying General Order from the President of the United States, in honor of the memory of General LAFAYETTE, you will, on the day following the receipt of this, cause twenty-four guns to be fired in

quick succession, at day break, and one gun every half hour thereafter till sunset; and the flags of the several stations will be, during the day, at half mast.

All officers of the Navy and Marine Corps will wear crape on the left arm for six months.

LEVI WOODBURY.

[*Here follows the General Order of the President given before.*]

THE ARMY.—Several vacancies have occurred, and promotions and appointments been made to fill them, since the publication of the Official Register, all of which will be announced in orders during the present month.

Col. F. G. SKINNER, of Baltimore, went passenger in the packet ship *Erie*, Capt. Funk, which sailed from New-York for Havre, on the 1st July, and is the bearer of a letter of condolence from the President of the United States, addressed to the family of LAYAYETTE, by the unanimous request of both Houses of Congress.

MARRIAGES.

In Norfolk, Va. on the 27th May, Dr. GEORGE W. PALMER, United States Navy, to Miss JANE R., only daughter of BARNARD O'NEILL, Esq. of Portsmouth, Va.

At Westover, Va. on the 28th May, Lieut. JOHN L. SAUNDERS, of the Navy, to Miss MARTHA B. SELDEN, youngest daughter of the late MILES SELDEN.

In Fredericksburg, Va. on the 12th May, ALEXANDER C. MAURY, of the Navy, to Miss MARY GOODE, daughter of the late GEORGE THORNTON.

In Woodstock, N. B. Lieut. GEORGE W. PATTEN, of the United States Army, to Miss SARAH T. daughter of ISAAC SMITH, Esq. of Houlton, Maine.

DEATHS.

In Washington county, Arkansas Territory, on the 18th of March, 1834, Lieut. WILLIAM BRADFORD, of the Regiment of Dragoons, in the 24th year of his age.

On the invasion of Illinois by the Sacs in 1832, Lieut. B., then a citizen of that State, volunteered his services, and as Adjutant of Maj. Ewing's Spy Battalion, served with high reputation. At the battles of Wisconsin and Bad Axe, he rendered himself conspicuous by his bravery and activity. At the close of the campaign, he received the appointment of second Lieutenant in one of the companies of Mounted Rangers; and was engaged in active service until commissioned in the Regiment of Dragoons.

Remarkably modest and unassuming, Lieut. B. ever appeared ignorant of his merits. Devoting himself to the acquire-

ment of a knowledge of his new profession, he improved with the rapidity that was most satisfactory to his numerous friends, though never apparently to himself.

Lieutenant Bradford fell in the discharge of his duty; but, alas! by his own hand; by the accidental discharge of a pistol, which he was placing in the holsters preparatory to mounting his horse. He lived but twenty-four hours after the accident; and though among strangers, and in extreme torture of body, his mind maintained to the last a calm ascendancy. An hour before he expired, he gave detailed instructions to the party of Dragoons, of which he was in command.

To Lieut. B. the future presented a wide field, filled with none but pleasing images; but with a heroic firmness he bowed himself to his fate; and expressed that his resignation was disturbed only by a lingering regret,—so natural to the true soldier,—that he had been denied the satisfaction of yielding up his life on the field of battle; that his own hand should have blasted those ambitious hopes, which he had treasured in his heart: but to the expression of which, his well balanced mind had ever found a barrier, that death alone could remove.

Be this his eulogy: that, he had warm friends, and died without an enemy.

His remains were disinterred, conveyed to Fort Gibson, and there buried with the honors of war.

In Louisville, Ky. on the 3d of June, Mrs. BLANCHARD, aged 29, wife of Lieut. E. O. BLANCHARD, of the Navy.

In Pittsburg, Pa. on the 10th June, of Scarlet Fever, SUSAN KING WADE, aged 2 years and 9 months, daughter of Major W. WADE, formerly of the Army.